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The Week

THE French government seems to be on the verge of accomplishing the object for which it has steadily worked since the collapse of the German military power. Germany for the time being is breaking up. Bavaria has become for the moment practically an independent state under the control of fire-eaters who hate socialism and France with equal good will. Saxony and Thuringia have set up a labor government which is asserting an effective measure of independence. The long heralded separatist coup d'etat has occurred in the Rhineland, although it remains uncertain at this writing whether it will be completely successful. It looks as if the authority of the Reich would soon be limited to an area which includes about half of pre-war Prussia and which excludes the greater part of industrial Germany. Germany has become once again a geographical expression. Alone among the peoples of Europe the Germans are deprived of any measure of self-determination. They are obliged to consent temporarily to their political annihilation in order to carry with less suffering and loss the French attack on their economic and moral independence. The success of the French policy is really terrifying—terrifying to Germans, to Central Europeans, to Englishmen and above all to wise and humane Frenchmen.

PROBABLY there is only one kind of government which would for the present have any chance of being effective over the whole of Germany. It is a government controlled by an international agency like the League of Nations in which all the victors would be represented, and which would do for Germany what the League of Nations is now doing for Austria. But it is quite clear that the France of M. Poincaré will not permit a government of this kind to deprive her of the fruits of her victory—the greatest victory which any powerful nation has ever won over a disarmed and helpless enemy. Only the wilfully blind can now deny that the French government has planned to detach the Rhineland and the Ruhr from Germany and to set them up as a separate economic and political jurisdiction tributary to France. This purpose is written all over the policy which M. Poincaré has pursued since the renunciation by Herr Stresemann of passive resistance. His object has been to force the management of the Ruhr industries to abandon their allegiance to the Reich and to enter into a relationship with France which will end by their incorporation into the French national economy.

HIS policy towards labor in the occupied territory has attracted less attention, but it looks in the same direction. During the negotiations of the past few weeks the French have refused to recognize German trades-unionism. Their purpose is to destroy in the occupied district the results for labor of the Revolution which rest on the incorporation of the unions in the legal economic structure. Only those railroad men, for instance, will be reengaged by the French administration who were born in the occupied territory, will swear allegiance to the Régie and will unconditionally promise to support the interests of France and Belgium. The maintenance of the German social and labor legislation is to be a matter for negotiation *after* the Germans have returned to work. The consequence is, of course, that the wage-earners in the occupied district have reason to associate economic sub-

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jection to French capitalism with political subjection to French nationalism.

BRITISH and American public opinion will, we hope, now recognize what the real meaning of the French policy is. For years publicists in the two countries have discussed the capacity of Germany to pay reparations as if it had some bearing on what was actually taking place. In the meantime the French government was pursuing two policies which taken together made the whole discussion academic. It declared that it would never evacuate the occupied territory until it was paid, and during the past nine months it has systematically destroyed the political and economic organization which alone could pay anything. After what has now occurred the Germans cannot for the present pay reparation to anybody, and will never voluntarily pay anything to France. France has taken her payment partly in revenge and partly in a hypothetical increase in economic and political power. The only serious question now to be considered by peoples who are not German or French is: "What is there to be done about it?" The object of French policy hereafter will be to consolidate what France has apparently gained—that is, to force the Rhineland and the Ruhr to work for her and to persuade other governments to recognize and to regularize the permanent subjection of the territory and its inhabitants to French supremacy. How far will France succeed?

IT is too soon to answer these questions with any confidence. There will be for the next few months strenuous opposition in Great Britain and to a smaller extent in this country to any recognition of the French dismemberment of Germany, but it may or may not endure. The difficulty is that opposition to the French plans will mean agitation, uncertainty, recrimination and in the end war, whereas recognition may seem to be the only way of restoring peace and stability to Europe. Ever since the Armistice French policy has profited by this difficulty. The friends of peace and order have consented to the French policy of weakening Germany or connived at it in the hope that they would kill it by kindness. Instead of killing it, they have allowed it to grow until it must now either be recognized or opposed. Recognition will still mean for many people a chance of ultimate peace. Opposition will in the end almost certainly mean war. Once again the civilized world is confronted by its most terrible and most familiar dilemma. Which does it prefer? The confirmation of a peace which is associated with gross injustice or the agitation for the removal of an injustice which cannot be removed without war? This dilemma was kept alive in Europe by the Treaty of Versailles, and that is why the representatives of liberalism and labor in all the former belligerent countries should have refused consent to its ratification.

NOW that French policy is attaining its objective, the destruction of Germany, it would appear to be time for American organs of public opinion like the New York Times to admit frankly that they have been misleading their readers through all the months that have passed since the Ruhr invasion was decided upon. They have insisted unfalteringly that the French were after reparations and nothing else, in spite of the fact that the obvious effect of the invasion was to destroy every possibility of immediate payment and to weaken the central German government whose strength alone could insure payments in the future. Since the Armistice the French statesmen have made no secret of their intention of realizing the secret treaty promise of a Rhine frontier. The Times and its kind have refused to take any cognizance of this purpose in interpreting French policy to their readers. Perhaps this was mere ignorance and stupidity. Out of courtesy to the Times we will assume that it was.

ENGLAND now sees rising before her a continental power far more menacing to her safety than was Imperial Germany at the height of her strength. France, with the Rhine frontier assured and with virtual, if not absolute, control of the industrial resources of the Ruhr, is in a magnificent position for defence and in a formidable position for attack. With her submarines and air craft she could bring England perilously near famine in case of armed conflict. If the inhabitants of Great Britain were not what they are, the most ruthless and resourceful fighting folk in the world, we should be justified in saying simply that England as a great power has had her day. The short-sightedness of Lloyd George in playing the French game at Versailles and the weakness of his successors have prepared a tremendous labor for the statesmen of the future who will have to repair the shattered fortunes of the nation. But it is still a rash gambler who gives odds against Britain.

DURING the past week, prohibition has as usual received a greater share of the public's attention than any one in 1918 would have believed possible five years after the amendment was adopted. From New Jersey have come extraordinary stories of a plot by the brewers to spend $800,000 in bribes; the Methodists have publicly criticized Messrs. Mellon and Blair for inactivity; and Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania has not withdrawn from his position that the notorious evasion of the law is largely the fault of the federal authorities. Even the most ardent friend of prohibition must have been disappointed at the results of the Governors' Conference, and the subsequent meeting with the President. The first of these "endorsed" prohibition enforcement—it is hard to see how it could

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have done otherwise—but showed no intention of taking any steps to remedy the present situation. The second resulted in a "platform" of seven planks which are in reality but one. Federal, state, county and municipal authorities are to confer and cooperate. The press is to aid. School children (this is the contribution of Governor Preus of Minnesota) are to be educated in the horrors of alcohol. In view of the situation throughout the country, such a policy as this is hardly more than a deliberate evasion of the issue. It must produce a pang of disappointment in those friends of Mr. Coolidge who have been confidently waiting for him to reveal the dominating strength they have insisted he possesses.

MANY conservatives justly fear that a reopening of the question of taxation may lead to a revival of agitation for the excess profits tax. That tax was abolished because a very large part of the public had been propagandized into believing that it was responsible for the high cost of living. The event proved that this was not true. There is no jog in the curve of living costs that even the National Conference Board would dare to assign to the abolition of the excess profits tax. The American people were taken in by arguments that were merely specious, and a remarkably large number of them, especially in the Middle West, know it. Also a great many people in the East are being estranged from the excess profiteers by what is happening to coal prices. The taxation question holds dynamic possibilities. We surmise that when Congress reassembles it will be found that there is a strong sentiment for letting sleeping dogs lie.

WE question the wisdom of any serious attempt to cut the burden of federal taxation at the present time. The country is prosperous, and the income taxes, even in the lower reaches of the schedule, are not oppressive. Many students of public finance agree with Secretary Mellon that the surtaxes are too high for maximum productiveness, leading, as they are assumed to do, to the flight of large fortunes to the tax exempt securities. No conclusive evidence, however, has ever been brought forward to show that this flight has been so general as Secretary Mellon assumes. We ought to know first of all who owns those tax exempt securities. If it turns out to be probable that the revenues can be increased by lower rates, the argument for reduction is irrefutable. Otherwise, we had better keep our revenues and make what headway we can in paying off our debt. Our credit will be the better for it, and we may need our credit in a future not too remote for present concern.

STUDENTS of the single tax should be interested in the housing situation in New York City, which has recently been in the limelight because of a proposal to extend the group of municipal emergency rent laws. After the war, New York, like many cities, was faced by a serious shortage of housing. It therefore forced the state legislature to pass an ordinance exempting from taxation for ten years a fixed amount of the value of new dwellings erected for purely residential purpose. This modified and partial application of single tax principles did in fact produce a flood of new building; but unfortunately little relief for the rent payer has as yet accrued. This is partly because New York grows at the rate of 100,000 a year, so that the new accommodations were eaten up by the normal increase in population; and partly because the builders went in for high class construction which even in normal times would be far beyond the means of the ordinary wage earner. The chief lesson from New York's experience would seem to be that there is no use in half-heartedly meddling with state enterprises as a substitute for the "law" of supply and demand. If government is to interfere at all, it should make sure that what it provides is an adequate substitute for what it takes away.

SECRETARY WEEKS has issued a statement endorsing Governor General Wood without qualification or limitation, in language which is bound to be offensive to the Filipinos. The reply of the legislature was the utter silence with which it received General Wood when he appeared before it to open the session. Secretary Weeks finds the controversy a legal one, and declares that if the legislature has enacted legislation in violation of the organic law, such legislation is null and void and the Governor General is not bound by it. To this the New York Evening Post inquires pertinently how it could happen, since no bill can become a law without the consent of the Governor General, that such legislation was not vetoed; and with still greater pertinence, whether "the proper way of declaring it unconstitutional is to allow the Governor General to trample on it?" The Post holds that it was necessary for Secretary Weeks to support Governor General Wood. "The prestige and authority of the American Governor must be upheld by Washington." This the New Republic does not for a moment believe. The argument of prestige and authority is responsible for our being in the Philippines at all; and for all the blood, American and Filipino, that our presence there has cost. The argument of prestige and authority upheld the American occupation both in the Philippines and later in Haiti in acts of atrocity which are our national shame. The New Republic agrees with the Post as to the recall of General Wood, but it does not believe that talk about prestige and authority will make this easier to accomplish.

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The Making of an American Nation

The labor of consolidating the United States into a nation is far from finished. It was a task severe enough before the war; it has been infinitely complicated by the war itself and by America's part in that war. Never did the problems of the country demand more quick obedience to their summons, more sleepless service, more plain old-fashioned prayer than they do today. Yet never have these springs of national virtue stood at a lower level.

THE Round Table for September prints from the pen of an anonymous American this gloomy glimpse of the moral conditions of his fellow countrymen. Its truth is questionable in one important respect. There are no sufficient grounds for believing that the springs of virtue in the American people have run to such a low level. The Americans are, it is true, suffering from a lack of self-possession. The problems which press for action are disconcerting and puzzling. Their economic and political traditions, practices and catchwords originated under radically different conditions, and there is for the moment a dearth of trustworthy progressive political leadership. While they are unprepared to face the exigencies of daily life, their lack of preparation is not due to indifference and irresponsibility. It is due to a temporary incongruity between traditional ideas and unfamiliar necessities. "Sleepless service" will not avail until American public opinion understands better than it now does the real nature of its problems and what particular services they demand. The Americans who are most addicted to old-fashioned prayer cling most tenaciously to the prejudices and habits which stand in the way of better understanding. There is plenty of earnest obedience, sleepless service and old-fashioned prayer in the Ku Klux Klan. The American people are suffering less from an astonishing moral default than from the immediate and prospective agony of reconstructing the moral and social ideal upon the realization of which they must depend for the conservation and the increase of their national unity.

As nations have formed during the past five centuries, they are examples of moral evolution. Peoples have nationalized themselves as the result of infusing into political groups which in the beginning were held together by some form of compulsion, the moral and social bonds of common loyalties and well-articulated common activities. The case of the United States is, however, somewhat different from that of its European associates. In the beginning it was a loose collection of isolated provincial communities. Its members were not welded together by outside pressure and its inhabitants had not recognized any effective common political allegiances. They were united not so much by common traditions or antagonisms as by the contagion of a great common interest and undertaking—the settlement of a vast continent and its adaptation to human habitation; and its performance molded the first two generations of American citizens into an unprecedentedly homogeneous and prosperous territorial democracy. Secession, slavery and the Civil War clouded for a generation their fair prospects, but the conflict was only a costly and tragic episode in the drama of American national development. The American nation consisted of a large, fluid and prosperous middle class, which shared in the benefits of the exploitation and which conceived the commonwealth as the servant of its interest and the guardian of its possessions. The creed of this middle-class was that of an aggressive competitive individualism. Good Americans were supposed to fight one another for their individual betterment and the best man won. They did not need to pull together in the same boat. They were all pulling separately, but they were all carried along on the flood of the same tide toward the same goal.

Since the last decade of the nineteenth century, however, the United States has ceased to be predominantly a territorial agrarian democracy. It has become one of the most completely industrialized of modern nations with a small class of the very rich, a large middle class of small tradesmen and farmers whose economic position is usually precarious, a huge wage-earning class which is in part fairly well-to-do and in part extremely poor, and an increasing number of professional men, engineers and other specialist experts. It is no longer engaged in settling and exploiting an undeveloped continent. The continent is settled. Its settlement has meant its appropriation by a certain portion of the community, who control favored positions in large centres of population and essential natural resources. The interests of the farmer, the wage-earner, the business man, and the expert are coming more often to conflict one with another and with those of the public. The American nation is no longer an economically homogeneous society of similarly occupied and like-minded people. It is a community of diverse classes, occupations and races as well as of discordant sections and of insubordinate individuals. Its members have ceased to pull in the same direction, yet their tradition of competitive as opposed to cooperative individualism prevents them from pulling together. They obtain the unity which is necessary to effective political action not by candid and tolerant discussion and consultation but by waves of emotional compulsion which roll up huge but fugitive majorities. These majorities are the creation too often of fear, of down-right coercion or of unmanageable political necessity. They prevent the nation from flying apart, but they are not capable of intelligent government and by their clumsy domineering they cultivate class and sectional suspicions and hostilities.

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The resulting friction provokes an increasing uneasiness of public opinion which tends to paralyze existing agencies of government. Our Presidents lack the foresight and conviction which might enable them to resume the leadership exercised by Roosevelt or Wilson. The Supreme Court undermines its authority by divided and often unstatesmanlike opinions on critical issues. The parties have ceased to be the powerful nationalizing and leavening agencies that they were during the nineteenth century. Their tendency now is to smother important economic issues in the interest of an unreal harmony. The Socialists do not know their own mind any better than the Republicans or the Democrats. Little or nothing is being done to check the tendency of American sections, classes and occupations to pursue exclusive policies. Every year the American Republic is becoming less of a loose, homogeneous, territorial democracy and more of an urban, class-conscious, over-industrialized society whose obvious attempts at union or reunion almost always involve some impairment of political and moral liberty. Its effective leadership in industry, politics and the professions is being centralized rather than nationalized; its conduct is being standardized at the expense of desirable local and individual diversities; its mental disposition is becoming rigid and intolerant just when it needs to become more hospitable and inquisitive; morally it is being led astray by an increasingly apprehensive uncertainty which explodes on occasions in fits of popular emotional violence.

These discords, obsessions and infirmities are not, however, the result of the drying up of the springs of American moral endeavor. Never before in the history of the United States have a larger number of citizens of both sexes been more aware of the need and possessed of the will to serve their country sleeplessly and disinterestedly. But they do not know what to do and the reason why they do not know what to do is that they do not know what to think. They are accustomed to acting first and thinking afterwards. Their countrymen have in the past made a success of acting in this way because they were in a position during several generations to take a great deal for granted. They started with an equipment of political institutions which had been carefully thought out and which considered individual liberty as the greatest of all political boons. They also started with a large fortune in economic opportunities to distribute among themselves. They could behave, consequently, as if a necessary harmony existed between individual or class interests and the interests of the community. Their business as good citizens was to safeguard their political institutions and to promote with all their energy their own economic interests. Now, however, these happy days are over. The single-minded pursuit of their individual class and professional occupations and interest, instead of coinciding with the work of building up a united and prosperous nation, frequently and drastically interferes with it. The American people are faced with the necessity of reconsidering their problems and of doing over again what the founders of the Republic successfully did at the end of the Revolution. Their vigorous consciences cannot check the tendencies to disunion and give energy to the processes which make for a national moral unity without the help of a reawakened political and social intelligence. If they pray let them pray not so much for strength as for light.

In insisting on the need of an intellectual rather than a moral awakening, we are far from meaning that by virtue of an intellectual awakening the American nation can unfold political truths which, if it believes in them hard enough and imposes them on others, will once again enable it to travel confidently along a royal road to national fulfillment. The truth which Americans need is a truth which they must believe chiefly in order to practice. Otherwise progessives will fall into the error of the conservatives who propose to reunite the American nation by the conscious cultivation of an absolute allegiance to the constitution as the most salutary of political truths and the flag as the symbol of an indestructible American nationality. These men do not understand that they cannot bind together a people whose activities are dividing them from one another by means merely of patriotic symbols and convictions. American citizens need new political and social convictions not as a substitute for discordant activities but as a necessary preparation for the task of pulling their activities together. The nation has from the beginning depended for its unity upon a general popular participation in formative individual and social action rather than in oaths of allegiance to institutions which are experimental, sometimes obsolete and always on trial, and a flag whose political meaning is becoming blurred.

The activity which Americans have pursued in common from the beginning is the satisfaction of their economic needs and the earning in this way of independence, security, education and opportunity for moral growth. The continued pursuit of this activity is the only possible route to national reunion and fulfillment. They need an aroused intelligence primarily in order to make the pursuit more successful. The traditional competitive individualism no longer encourages a distribution of economic and political power which is favorable to individual liberty and to national moral unity. The government regulation whereby in the past the progressives have sought to cure the abuses of capitalistic individualism has not worked very well and certainly is not sufficient. The American nation must seek and find some different and better way of redistributing political and economic power,

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which will preserve it chiefly in the hands of individuals, localities and voluntary associations of the people and yet which will manage to keep them on friendly terms with one another and with society as a whole. That is the task which calls for a great increase in popular political and social intelligence. Its performance demands alertness, discrimination, the knowledge of psychological and social processes, a hospitable progressive habit of mind and underlying it all a cultivated and enlightened faith in the ability of human nature to prove equal to its opportunities.

The Soft Coal Miner and His Job

THOSE who wanted a fact-finding commission for the coal industry got one. But, now that the Commission has passed out of existence, there is still some doubt as to what facts it actually found. This doubt is due not to the failure of the Commission to collect a great many facts, but to its inability to present them to the public in a digestible form. A diligent search through the pages of many of the long reports of the Commission will reveal the answer to much that troubles the public mind about coal.

Take, for example, the report of the Coal Commission on Labor Relations in the Bituminous Industry. It is a document of seventy-seven legal-sized pages. It is the product of the researches of the most experienced and astute students and practitioners of industrial relations in the country. While it bears evidence of hasty preparation and of an excess of caution in the drawing of inference and generalization, it is still the most penetrating discussion of the matter we have had. The bulk of the report deals with items of a highly special and technical nature. From time to time, however, it throws light on issues that are generally regarded as fundamental in the industry. It is here possible to call attention to only a few of these issues.

The most spectacular and the most persistent source of conflict in the soft coal industry has for many years been the existence of non-union coal fields. Fear of their competition has had an unsettling influence on the union operators and, consequently, on their relations with the union; and the attempt to organize them has contributed to make the United Mine Workers a much more militant organization than it would otherwise have been. In spite of this condition, there is evidence of the reluctance of many persons to admit the necessity for further unionization, principally because they doubt the value of the contribution which the union has made to the workers in both the union and non-union mines. Support for this state of mind rests on the results of perfunctory investigations which have often reported conditions in the union areas to be little, if at all, superior to those in the non-union. The uncritical are accustomed to accept scrappy evidence without question. The doubts of such persons should be dispelled by the findings of the Coal Commission.

If the Commission's analysis of the working conditions in the non-union mines means anything at all, it means that such standards as there are in the industry are fixed by the union. This expert report cuts under the usual irrelevant comparison between union and non-union rates of wages; and shows the union to be the ruling force in setting wage standards for the whole of the industry, non-union as well as union. "There is a marked tendency," states this report, "in many non-union fields to cut rates below the union scale in bad times, and as a consequence to operate more steadily. In times of prosperity, scarcity of labor and possibility of unionization, the rates tend to come up to the union standard, especially in the fields where the threat of unionization is imminent. There are many operators, however, in the more remote fields and a few in the fields where unionism is imminent, who do not bring rates up in prosperous years." It may indeed be, as wage inquiries have sometimes indicated, that wages are occasionally as high in the non-union as in the union fields; but where they are they are made so by the force of organized labor.

Standards of working conditions, other than wages, are likewise set by the union. Historically the contributions of the union in controlling the grosser evils of industrialism are well known. But in the year 1923 the Commission still finds a substantial employment of convict laborers in Alabama, a non-union district. "In Alabama . . . convicts are leased by the state to private mine operators for work in the mines. Repeated attempts have been made to terminate this practice. . . . Our investigator reported approximately 1,500 convicts employed in four private companies. . . . The exploitation of offenders against society for the private gain of a few individuals cannot be too strongly condemned. Our reports from the field fully substantiate the complaints that are made against the practice on the score of inhumanity."

It is in the non-union areas, also, where the advance payment of wages by scrip and the discounting of scrip is a feature of industrial relations. "Payment in scrip," according to the Commission, "or in any other form than lawful money is forbidden by law in most states. In some non-union areas, the practice still flourishes. In communities where this is practised, the scrip is likely to be cashed in advance of pay days at a discount. Sometimes this cashing at a discount is done by the company, sometimes by the stores in the community, sometimes by persons who make part or most of their living by discounting scrips. The effect in these communities, especially in the Negro

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communities, is to keep the worker in ready cash at the expense of his gross earnings. . . . At one company, the storekeeper said that he makes a practice of discounting at twenty percent.' This same practice was found in effect by the Arbitration Board that settled the strike of the Alabama miners twenty years ago and was there condemned. It is disappointing to find it still obtains." The Commission closes the discussion with this significant statement: "The pauperizing effect on the workers is easily seen. In union areas the operator has cooperated with the union in vigorous attempts to do away with the practice of discounting wages in any form by any agency."

Less familiar to the layman, but perhaps more important to the workman, is the discrepancy in practice between non-union and union fields on the matters of discipline and discharge. Almost nothing is of greater moment to a worker than a fair measure of certainty of tenure. This he invariably receives under union conditions. The United Mine Workers have been accused of going too far and of making discharge practically impossible. But on this the Commission finds that "over most of the areas where relations under union conditions have obtained for a longer period, a seasoned and practical wisdom has come to obtain, and discharge, when merited, can be made and the maintenance of effective standards insured at the same time that unfairness in discharge is avoided." Under non-union conditions, however, "the power over discipline and discharge rests entirely with the employer, as does the power over other matters having to do with employees." In short, "in the union fields the present agreements if properly administered afford a reasonable protection for the interests of both parties. In the non-union fields there is no such protection."

This by no means exhausts the list. But it is a fair sample. Although the Coal Commission did not see fit to make vigorous recommendations for control, the evidence, the guarded inferences and the economic analysis speak for themselves. There can be no severer arraignment of the condition brought about by non-unionism than that which the Commission makes in the following discussion of the alternatives of district and national system of collective bargaining. "The question of non-union competition is perhaps more largely a matter of economic analysis than of inquiry in the field. Insofar as the union operator seeks relief from such competition in district agreements all the evidence shows that he is pursuing a will o' the wisp. The coal industry is a competitive industry. Prior to the establishment of a national union, competition enforced very low working standards for miners. The union supplied the external force that pushed up the standards with some degree of uniformity all over the country. . . . As long as the non-union employer could go the union operator one better in cutting wages, the acceptance of wage reductions by the union would not solve the problem of non-union competition. It would merely mean a lower plane of living for the miner in both fields. . . ."

Some day, perhaps, we shall have a coal commission which will take the public into its confidence and state simply and emphatically what it has found to be the truth.

Labor's Newspapers

SOME decidedly interesting experiments are in progress just now in the field of labor journalism. In New York City, a group of unions with a combined membership of 300,000 are cooperating in the publication of a new evening newspaper, the New York Leader, successor to the Call, which had been a morning newspaper devoted to the interests of right-wing socialism. In London, the Herald, a labor daily which has for years been staggering along from one financial crisis to another, has recently been given a new lease of life by the British Labor party, which has guaranteed its financial support, and made it an official organ.

Every thoughtful liberal must hope for the success of these efforts, and the similar ones now under way in a number of American cities. A competent, informed and honest press is one of the things labor most urgently needs; and for that matter, the whole community suffers from the lack of daily journals presenting the sort of facts, and maintaining the point of view, which are to be found in the Leader, the Herald, and others of their kind. At the same time, it is well to recognize that the difficulties confronting such papers are very great. Nowadays, the ordinary daily survives only through its advertising; the subscribers' pennies as a rule do no more than pay for the cost of the white paper. This fact renders extremely serious the boycott of the labor press, both by local and national advertisers, which undoubtedly exists. The boycott is partly a business matter, based on the advertisers' belief that the purchasing power of the laboring man is limited. But this is by no means the only reason. The bulk of the readers of Mr. Hearst's New York Evening Journal, for instance, are very little, if at all, better off than the subscribers to the old Call; yet Mr. Hearst's columns have year after year carried an enormous mass of advertising while the Call has had little, and that little mostly from special sources. Everyone in the business knows that the men who disburse advertising appropriations exclude the liberal and radical press primarily because of an instinctive hostility which assumes the existence of a class war, and acts in the simplest and most direct fashion to penalize papers supposedly hostile to large capitalistic interests.

This situation reacts directly and harmfully upon the editorial character of the labor press.

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Even the financial resources of two million members of the British Labor party, or three hundred thousand New York unionists, are not sufficient to meet the annual deficits which would be incurred by big papers run with a minimum of advertising. The answer is, therefore, the production of little papers at a minimum of expense, by small editorial staffs composed of reporters and editors willing to accept modest salaries. Many of these are brilliant men, whole-heartedly devoted to the cause of labor and contented to sacrifice the financial rewards they might secure elsewhere, for the sake of the good they can do; but it is obvious that such a staff must include others who are worth no more than they receive, and whose presence as daily contributors is a liability rather than an asset. Editors in both classes are sure to be overworked, and rarely have the margin of leisure for reflection, investigation and study which is essential for the proper performance of the journalist's function.

Even without these difficulties, the labor paper has a problem which is serious enough. Workingmen are engaged in a never-ending battle for better wages and conditions, an increased share in the control of industry, and more tangible legal recognition of their rights. Naturally, the worker looks to the labor newspaper to aid him in this perennial quarrel. He does not want an impartial referee, but a stalwart ally, whose sword is never in the scabbard. But every newspaperman knows that this sort of effort is incompatible with the true function of journalism as such, which is to present to the public a picture of the world of today—a picture as complete, as accurate and unbiased as human skill and intelligence can make it. Once propaganda begins, truth flies out of the window. No one can object, of course, to the effort to fight labor's battle by means of printer's ink; and certainly its opponents are far from overlooking this important weapon. But we should frankly face the fact that propaganda will not mix with this other type of effort. The labor press is in the habit of following Upton Sinclair's lead, and pointing out—quite legitimately—the partisanship of the capitalistic organs. Fairness requires the admission that as a whole the workers' papers (and this is particularly true of the socialistic press) fail in their reportorial function about as often as do the journals of the opposition.

Even should a labor paper decide, wisely or foolishly, to ignore propaganda and devote its columns to a complete report of what is going on in the world, it is still confronted by the very great problem of persuading members of the working class to read a journal of this sort. Everyone knows that among men who labor with their hands are persons as intelligent as can be found anywhere in America; and probably the average intellectual level of the workers is at least as high as that of their white-collared middle class brethren. But it is idle to deny that many workingmen have the same penchant for vulgar and sensational journalism that is found in the clerical worker. Comic strips, photographs of bathing girls, flaring headlines and trivial news articles of the sort which have so unfairly appropriated to themselves the phrase "human interest" bring journalistic success, among working class readers as among others. This produces a genuine dilemma for the labor editor. Shall he attempt to out-Hearst Hearst? (a task, by the way, which is by no means so easy as it looks). Or shall he don the dull garments of accuracy, sobriety, and conscientiousness, with the doleful certainty that however good his paper, it will be read only by a limited number, and those the ones who need its information least?

In some form, of course, the second choice must ultimately rule. If the labor papers were to be compelled to copy all the crudities of the existing vulgar sheets, it would be better to abandon the field to the latter in the beginning. In part, the solution may come through a semi-compulsory subscription list. The union member whose subscription is included in his regular monthly dues may be educated up to reading a far better paper than he would ever select voluntarily when paying his pennies at a newsstand. In part, also, the general process of education will do its share in creating a public for the honest, independent labor daily, which presents the worker's point of view, but without coloring its news columns for that purpose; which is aggressively loyal to labor's interests without being so partisan that its picture of the world is thereby distorted; and which is alive and enterprising without devoting its main attention to trivialities. The unions themselves are already playing an important part in preparing readers for such a press by their program of adult education, which in New York City and a few other places is reaching large proportions. With this factor increasingly important, there is every reason to hope for success for labor journalism of the sort in which an intelligent and conscientious editor can participate without feeling that he has betrayed either the standards of his profession, or the best interests of the group he is seeking to aid.

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Is Britain Overpopulated?

A PRESIDENTIAL address on Population and Unemployment, given by Sir William Beveridge at the Liverpool meeting of the British Association, has revived discussion throughout the British press on a matter which, whatever way it touches our hopes or our prejudices, must surely trouble the thoughts of any inhabitant of the Old World who concerns himself with political or social purpose. Sir William, in common with many other people, dislikes the idea of birth control; but, like the good economist he is, he remains on the broad issue a sound Malthusian. "Nothing that I have said," he finally concludes, "discredits the fundamental principle of Malthus, reinforced as it can be by the teachings of modern science." His main themes were, first, that we must not be too ready to argue from unemployment to overpopulation, instancing the excellence of employment in Germany today, "a nation which assuredly should be suffering from overpopulation if any nation is;" and, secondly, that an obiter dictum of mine in The Economic Consequences of the Peace about the state of affairs in 1900-1910 was unjustifiably pessimistic.

I am not concerned here with the criticism personal to myself, but with the broader issue. It has been remarkable how widely the press has seized on Sir William's carefully guarded and scrupulously limited assertions as an excuse for rushing to the conclusion that population is only a bogey after all, which, thanks to Sir William, we can now dismiss from our minds. "Not too many folk in Britain," "Baseless Fears," "Comforting view of the British Association," "Malthusian Moonshine," "Small Families no Solution for Unemployment" are typical reactions in terms of headlines. It is not surprising. The opposite view is far too upsetting for us not to seize on any plausible pretext for shunning it.

I agree with Sir William Beveridge that it would be rash to argue straight from unemployment to overpopulation. Unemployment is a phenomenon of maladjustment, and the maladjustment may be due to causes which have nothing to do with population;—as, for example, the maladjustment due to a transition, through deflation of purchasing power, from a higher to a lower price-level, or that due to the necessity of changing over from supplying one type of outside market to supplying another because of a sudden change in the relative wealth and requirements of the rest of the world. Each of these influences is probably responsible for an important part of the existing unemployment in Great Britain.

But, on the other hand, unemployment may be a symptom of a maladjustment very closely connected with population—namely, that which results from an attempt on the part of organized labor, or of the community as a whole, to maintain real wages at a higher level than the underlying economic conditions are able to support. The most alarming aspect of the prolongation and the intensity of the existing unemployment is the possibility that transitory influences may not wholly explain it, and that deep causes may be operating which interfere with our continuing ability to maintain in these islands an expanding population at an improving standard of life. The doubt is a dreadful one. Our social aims and objects flow from the opposite assumption, and are rendered futile by its negation. What is the use or the purpose of all our strivings if they are to be neutralized or defeated by the mere growth of numbers?

Malthus's Devil is indeed a terrible Devil because he undermines our faith in the real value of our social purposes, just as much now as when Malthus loosed him against the amiable dreams of Godwin. The prima facie case for doubting our ability to provide during the present generation for growing numbers at an improving standard, and for seeing some corroboration of this doubt in the present state of our labor market and of our staple industries, is so serious that it is frivolous to think we can dismiss it by mentioning that unemployment is not *necessarily* due to overpopulation, and by pointing to the disastrous example of Germany, where the nation's submission, under the overwhelming pressure of events, to a drastic lowering of their standard of life and the impairment of their capital resources has put away this particular symptom for the time being.

No statistics can be decisive on such a matter unless they extend over a period long enough to eliminate other influences,—which means that their final answer may be too late to determine policy. But it is useful to keep ourselves reminded from time to time of one or two simple and wellknown figures. In 1851 the population of Great Britain was about 21,000,000; in 1901, 37,000,000; and in 1921, 43,000,000. Thus, the population which is growing old is the remnant of a population not much more than half the size of the population which is growing up. Several conclusions follow from this.

(1) Although the birth-rate is materially lower than it was half a century ago, nevertheless the absolute number of daily births in Great Britain today is nearly double the number of deaths.

(2) The fact that the average age of the population is less than it would be in a stationary population means that the proportion of old people of pensionable age, which the community will have to support as time goes on, will tend to

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increase to a figure not far short of double what it is at present.

(3) Most important of all, the supply of adult laborers will continue to increase sharply for a generation to come, irrespective of the contemporary birth-rate, because the number of boys now growing up to working age will greatly exceed year by year that of the old men dying or reaching pensionable age. In round numbers the male population between twenty and sixty-five years of age is now between 14,000,000 and 15,000,000. In the course of the next twenty years the boys (already born) entering these age limits will exceed by between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 the old men passing out. That is to say, we shall have to find within this short period, employment, equipment, and houses for twenty-five to thirty percent more working-class families than at present; and the net productivity of these additional hands will have to support a larger proportion of old people, and, if the present birth-rate continues, as large a proportion of children. Now that this surplus already exists, emigration may be a palliative. As a continuing policy, however, emigration is a ruinous expedient for an old country, as is obvious when one considers that, if the males are shipped abroad, a corresponding number of females must be sent also, and that the cost per head of rearing and educating a child up to working age is a heavy charge for which the country will get no return of productivity if the youth then emigrates.

(4) Very few of our staple export industries are operating above their pre-war level of ten years ago, and some of them, notably textiles, are seriously below it. Most of these industries are well satisfied if they see a prospect ahead even of their former level of activity in normal times. Their difficulties are increased in some cases by the fact that the American demand for certain essential raw materials has risen more than the total supply, and that America is able to pay a higher price than we can. We cannot rely, unless the material conditions of the rest of the world greatly improve, on finding markets for a much larger quantity of goods at as good a net return to ourselves. With Europe's present prospects, and with the growing tendency of the New World to keep its advantages to itself, we are not entitled to rely on so great an advance in our own opportunities.

These prima facie grounds for fear and hesitation, and for straining our minds to find a way out, are not disposed of by the fact that many improvements are conceivable, other than restriction, which would postpone or alleviate the problem. Sir William Beveridge concluded his address, after admitting and emphasizing the dangers of our economic situation, by urging that the cure was to be found not in birth control, but in peace and world trade resuming their sway. He might have mentioned many other desirable things which would put off the evil day,—a greater accumulation of capital, the swifter progress of science, a raising of the acquired and inborn endowments of the average man, more common sense, intelligence, and public spirit.

But it is not safe to leave the question of numbers unregulated, in the mere hope that we may be rescued by one of these conceivable, but as yet unrealized, improvements. And even if we do realize them, is it not discouraging that they should only operate to compensate an increase of numbers, when they might, if there had been no increase, have availed to improve the lot of the average man?

Is not a country overpopulated when its standards are lower than they would be if its numbers were less? In that case the question of what numbers are desirable arises long before starvation sets in, and even before the level of life begins to fall. Perhaps we have already sacrificed too much to population. For is not the improvement in the average conditions of life during the past century very small in comparison with the extraordinary material progress of that period? Does it not seem that the greater part of man's achievements are already swallowed up in the support of mere numbers?

It is easy to understand the distaste provoked by particular methods, and the fear inspired by any proposal to modify the laisser-faire of Nature, and to bring the workings of a fundamental instinct under social control. But it is strange to be untroubled or to deny the existence of the problem for our generation.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

Moo!

Summer is over, the old cow said,
And they'll shut me up in the draughty shed
To milk me by lamplight in the cold,
But I won't give much for I am old.
It's long ago that I came here
Gay and slim as a woodland deer;
It's long ago that I heard the roar
Of Smith's white bull by the sycamore.
And now there are bones where my flesh should be,
My backbone sags like an old rooftree,
And an apple snatched in a moment's frolic
Is just so many days of colic.
I'm neither a Jersey nor Holstein now,
But only a faded sort of cow.
My calves are veal, and I had as lief
That I could lay me down as beef.
Somehow, they always kill by halves;
Why not take me when they take my calves?
Birch turns yellow and sumac red,
I've seen this all before, she said.
I'm tired of the field and tired of the shed.
There's no more grass, there's no more clover,
Summer is over, summer is over.

ROBERT HILLYER.

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Ford and Ideas

A MAN with ideas is one who has stopped to think. In that sense Henry Ford, who does not stop to think, whose mind operates by a swifter and different process, is not a man of ideas. In a previous article I suggested that his will worked by methods and toward ends supplied by a kind of uncanny intuition rather than by reasoning, and that he finds his path very little by thinking things out and almost entirely by brilliant guesses through and across them. This faculty for taking long jumps and successful cross-cuts brought him, from the beginning, gifts which placed him beyond that necessity of learning which impedes ordinary mortals—who for lack of a natural compass within themselves, must go arduously reasoning through life. Reason, if often the ally of will, can be no less its deadliest enemy. An enemy which from within himself has not attacked Henry Ford, and whose attacks through the minds of others he has successfully resisted. To this resistance, combined with an undivided will and a chronic, at times violent confidence in his own sixth-sense judgment, he owes most of his success. For a long time this success was the fruit of one idea, one purpose, that of making "a cheap car for the multitude," but gradually other ideas were born, or grew, or were captured. Some of them have sunk into the background, into the past, but many of them are still roosting in his mind, and a miscellaneous collection they are, sound, brilliant, idealistic, prejudiced, erratic, inspiring at once pity and respect for the mind that harbors them, hope and fear for those things or men which that mind rules now, or may come to rule.

Ford's ideas about the conduct of industry are based on his own success, and of course biassed by it. If one finds in them an excess of impatience and more emphasis on possibilities than regard for present conditions, this is only natural in a man who has done with enormous success so many things which other men told him he was crazy to attempt. Where others have relied on outside aid for financing, Ford's business has grown independently of banks because he has always turned a huge share of the profits back into the business. Where other manufacturers have followed the general trend of prices, and held on tight in a depression, Ford made a big slash in the price of his cars when business was at its worst. The numerous price cuts, while so kind to the consumer, have always resulted in larger profits. They were "just my way of being selfish," says Ford; "greed is nearsightedness." The rules for his own success he applies mercilessly to others: if a concern cannot supply him with parts at a certain price without cutting wages, it is their fault; a well-run business, to his mind, can always pay good wages. If a man cannot make his business pay, he should quit. "Anything that will not work," he says,* "should be broken." As he entered a virgin field, in which the saturation point is so far away that he has never had to fear or oppose competition, of course he is impatient with the common acceptance of the business cycle. One of the most interesting experiments possible would be to place Henry Ford in control of some old established industry, one completely entangled in the network of basic production. He has bought a railroad, to be sure, but that was "because it interfered with our plans," and coal mines. Could that mind which has been applied to the building up of a new industry break up and reorganize an old one? How would the creator of the Highland Park factory cut the price of coal lower and lower every year?

What Ford has to say about money springs from his own experience, an experience limited by his independence of money. About money he has held the most elementary notions. At one time he was anxious to withdraw several millions from a bank, and hoard them himself in gold, and only with some difficulty was the network of the credit system explained to him. One of his associates once remarked that "if Henry told me he had found a way to run his cars on water, I'd believe him; and if I told him that all the pennies in his bank had turned to gold, he'd believe me." Ford is not often ready to believe others, but when he does, his credulity is intense. The obverse of credulity is suspicion, and he is deeply suspicious of our financial system, in which he has never become involved, but which has brushed him menacingly more than once. And so to him money seems a curse imposed upon business, non-producing stockholders appear as downright parasites, and the gold-standard as a "class-advantage." He would like to see paper issued against our natural resources, and can be set down pretty definitely as a soft-money man. "Money is simple," he says, and its function as the master rather than the servant of industry is thoroughly bad. The resentment is sound, but the understanding incomplete.

Before Henry Ford found opportunity to follow his mechanical bent, he had to work on the farm, and he hated it. The inefficiency of the farm, and the drudgery of the farm, have been constantly on his mind. The wide sale of his tractors lies as close to his heart as any of his enterprises. People who do not work on farms sentimentalize about them,

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* This and some other quotations are from My Life and Work by Henry Ford, in collaboration with Samuel Crowther. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

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and have been shocked at Henry Ford's blasting criticism. "What would you do about the farm?" Allan Benson asked him (see his book, The New Henry Ford). "The first thing to do is to tear down all the fences," he answered. "But what about the animals overrunning the crops?" "There wouldn't be any animals," said Ford. We all remember his startling announcement, some years ago, that "the cow must go." Much earlier than that, when he was driving his first car about Detroit, he remarked that "the horse was doomed." With such slow animals, consuming even when they are not at work, Ford has no patience. The hope for the farm is machines, and electricity, and production on a larger scale: he would like to see it "industrialized." Just as he has cut down the number of men and hours required to make an automobile, so, he believes, can he cut down the number of men and hours necessary to raise a crop. The farm, in his opinion, is about five per cent efficient, and all that is now produced there in a year could be produced in a total of twenty-five days. What about the rest of the time? His answer is ready: have a sufficient number of industries near by in which the farmers can work when the crops have been planted or harvested. There won't be any stock to feed and water, so the farmer won't have to go home every day.

There are many cases where one would like to give Ford the power to put his ideas into practice. The farm is one case, and farmers agree with him and would make him President on that plank alone. In the realm of general ideas, on the other hand, one strikes a very different Henry Ford, obstinate, sincere as ever, but pathetically floundering in strange waters. He has found out by now, I suspect, that there are some waters in which he had better not try to swim. On the land of his own experience he is safe, but he often does not know when he has left it and begun to wade. The most famous example is, of course, the Peace Ship. Mme. Rosika Schwimmer's far from impractical hope of getting the neutrals together in an effort to bring peace nearer, he converted into a pathetic, highminded, innocent crusade which made some people intensely sorry for him, but most people merely laugh. One must go back several months before the sailing of the Oscar II to understand his high pitch of feeling on the subject of the war. He had inserted in all the newspapers an advertisement condemning preparedness. He had said that "a professional soldier who makes a living out of killing is a murderer," and that he "would spend every cent he had in the world, if it was necessary, to end the war." He was ready to do anything, he believed he could do something, and this profound belief and his own ignorance led to the chartering of the Peace Ship. Others around him were at an equal pitch of enthusiasm. As the ship sailed, from among the thousands who saw it off one man went insane, and jumped into the water, saying that he'd "swim behind to ward off torpedoes." Factions developed on board, Henry Ford was taken ill, and came back almost as soon as he had landed. When war was declared, the Ford plant filled government orders as patriotically as any other.

As simple as Ford's attempted remedy for the war was his explanation of it. "Take away the capitalist," he said some months before the Peace Ship, "and you sweep war from the earth." Later —this was still before he sailed—he narrowed the term "capitalist" down to the "Jewish International Bankers." The beginnings of his anti-Jewish prejudice predate the Peace Ship, but this prejudice was greatly strengthened on the voyage. There are many theories for this prejudice. The most current, and the wildest, is that Mme. Schwimmer being a Jewess, and also responsible for the Peace Ship, he enlarged his resentment at her to include the whole race. By another explanation it was "three wise men" who met Ford at Christiansand and implanted in his head the notion of the world-wide Jewish Menace. At all events, an idea already in his mind was further strengthened until it blossomed into the grotesque rehash of Russian fabrications printed in the Dearborn Independent. Henry Ford, of course, wrote none of this. His own ideas on the subject were brief, emphatic, and in such a form he has frequently repeated them. Those around him have hastened to make a difference between the "Jewish International Bankers" and other Jews not so employed, pointing out that since Mr. Ford has many Jews working for him, and a Jewish architect, and many Jewish friends, he has no prejudice against Jews as such. But in talking to Mr. Ford it is obvious that, being of a simpler construction of mind, divisions of a subject do not come easily to him, and that when he says, "the Jews are the scavengers of the world," he means what he says, and no more, because that is the full extent of his thought on the matter. From a hunch it has grown into an explanation with many applications, and hardened into a cherished obsession.

Such an idea, like many of Ford's ideas, survives only by the saving virtue of ignorance. An obstinate, wilful ignorance, because when Ford has to learn something, he does. He doesn't often have to learn, he can usually feel what is the right thing to do instead. He will not tolerate experts, who, he says, are only good for telling you what can't be done. Since from ignorance proceeds so much of his strength, why should he care for knowledge of what has already happened—for history? When he said that "History was bunk," he was quite right, as far as he was concerned. Under cross-questions at the Mount Clemens trial he felt no shame at all; he was profoundly bored, and rather inattentive. When asked for dates he didn't know them, when asked about "government" he replied, "it's a long subject," and he in-

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sisted that for all these questions he "could find a man in five minutes to answer them." When some one after the examination tried to get him to understand what a poor showing he had made, he wanted to know what difference it made whether the street they were walking on was sixty feet wide, or sixty-five. The fun that was poked at him could not break down his confidence in himself, his indifference to facts and histories, ignorance of which had somehow not prevented his being worth a billion dollars. Attempts to coach him in the a-b-c of American history found him a poor pupil. He has not allowed his son Edsel to go to college. He doesn't care whether his employees are "graduates of Sing Sing or of Harvard." He is indefatigable in technical research which will result in cheaper, lighter, better materials for the Ford car, but scientific research, or research in general into the inner works of a world he knows to be all wrong, has not interested him in the slightest. A man who is convinced that he has a private key to Utopia cannot be interested in founding a college of locksmiths.

Such are some of the mental traits and ideas that Henry Ford would bring to the White House. A museum of ideas, rather than a scheme, ranging from undiluted idealism through sound practical sense all the way down to the most obstinate prejudice and ignorance. Between many of the ideas there are no connections whatever, and Henry Ford's world is spotted with great black areas of terra incógnita which his mind has never even touched. But on almost any one of these territories he is prepared to set foot at once, and he may at any moment surprise the public with a pat theory or explanation of something which has crossed his field of vision the moment before. In a sense nobody knows what ideas he would bring with him to Washington, nor which ones he would leave behind, nor what new ones would sprout there overnight.

Henry Ford in the White House—it is a terrible and fascinating possibility. On the basis of what he has said in public, or what he has been overheard to say, it is not safe to make presidential guesses. We must get much nearer the man himself. This I hope to do in a later article.

ROBERT LITTELL.

(To be concluded)

Mussolini's First Year

TO understand the significance of Italian Fascismo, along with the reasons for its success, one must study this great fact of Italian history with the criteria of Italian history, and not with Anglo-Saxon or American formulae which are less likely to prove illuminating. A people does not live, does not, in other words, make a history for itself over a period of ten centuries, without bearing the characteristic impression of that history in all its acts.

It is not to be denied that Italians have found the past year a time of greater tranquillity, of less social unrest than they had known for some time. Labor conflict and economic warfare of all kinds have diminished in intensity. Strikes have been avoided. Public service has been functioning as it has never functioned since 1914. It may be, as some people assert, that these improvements would have taken place even without Fascismo; it may well be that independently of Fascista pressure the Italian people was already headed toward the restoration of public order and away from the Bolshevism which had caught its fancy in the years 1919 and 1920. This much is certain, however: nearly everybody *believes* that the cause of these changes was Fascismo; and, in politics, appearances have all the force of realities. On any Italian train one can hear passengers saying that, thanks to Mussolini, they are sure of reaching their destinations and are not likely to be dumped out half way. In the country, farmers will tell you how grateful they are that free contracting has been restored and that their calculations are in no danger of being upset by absurd price fixing imposed by howling mobs or by local governments playing to the grandstand. In the cities, manufacturers and business men are happy because they have lowered wage-scales to a workable level, without being pestered with strikes; if the Fascisti have given them trouble in other respects, they feel, on the whole, that the country is more normal and better managed, that business has a sounder underpinning, than was the case during the years 1919-1922.

These blessings, it is said, have been paid for with loss of liberty. This is true; but it is important for Americans to remember how the word liberty is understood in Italy. Here is a sign: "Keep off the grass: don't pick the flowers." To an American this means that he should keep off the grass and refrain from picking the flowers. If the sign seems obnoxious to him, he will seek legal means for having it removed. To the Italian, "liberty" means his right to walk on the grass, pick the flowers, tear the bushes up, and throw the sign away. An American asserts his liberty by changing the law; an Italian asserts his liberty by breaking the law and assailing the concept of law itself.

Many of the people who are now protesting against Fascismo in the name of liberty are the very ones who for years had been interfering with the

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citizen's freedom to buy, to sell, to do business, to belong to one party rather than to another. To be sure these old restrictions on liberty were imposed by methods less violent than those of the Fascisti. But the Socialist boycott was not a humane weapon: if it did not break heads, it broke hearts.

There is no doubt that radical newspapers are being suppressed by simple decree of the Prefects, and that this procedure is illegal. At any rate, it is as arbitrary as the suppressions often made in the United States by the Postmaster General. The right of public assembly has been abrogated but this was done long before the time of the Fascisti. Mussolini trenchantly observed in a speech to the Chamber one day, "I get many letters and petitions from people in Italy: they ask for bridges, roads, subsidies—but never for liberty." There is plenty of discontent with Fascismo, but those who complain are complaining, for the most part, of regulations interfering with advantages they formerly enjoyed—measures reducing the number of office-holders, curtailing expenses, abolishing favors and inequalities.

The liberal tradition of Italy is not the liberal tradition of Anglo-Saxon countries. The Italian's sense of liberty is much stronger in matters touching personal and private interests than in matters of public or civic interest. He is more particular about his habits and customs than about a free press, freedom of assembly, the right to vote. It is an easy matter to suppress newspapers. It would be a serious matter to suppress wine shops.

Parliamentary institutions are not native to Italy. We borrowed them from England and France. Their significance and value were vitiated for us the moment suffrage was extended from a few thousands of educated voters to the millions of the ignorant or illiterate masses. The Italian populace had never demanded nor created liberal institutions. Its characteristic achievements in politics have been: first the "comune"—government by a class or party; and second the "signoria," government by a leading citizen, usually made hereditary in his family. All the present generation of Italians, furthermore—the men who have come forward since 1900—were brought up in an anti-parliamentarian atmosphere. The most splendid names in recent Italian thought belong to pitiless critics of democracy: Croce, Gentile, Sorel (much more widely read in Italian than in French), Papini—all anti-democrats. The parliamentary system had been wholly discredited with the Italian public before the advent of Fascismo. The deputy has always been regarded by Italians not as a defender of liberty but as an agent of graft and favoritism. The incompetence of Parliament was so evident to every one after the war that it lost the little respect it ever had. However, Fascista tendencies have not been, on the whole, toward a weakening of Parliamentary institutions. By his attitude on the question of electoral reform, Mussolini made it clear that he desires a really representative Parliament from the next elections; that is why he has not dissolved the present Chamber, but has been waiting for the passions of the revolution to die down. Meantime this same Chamber, morally, and almost literally, walked on during and after the "march on Rome," has regained a certain prestige and has done a certain amount of useful work during the past year.

Fascismo is not a party; it is a social movement. It is the reaction of the middle classes—an economic, sentimental and moral reaction—against the oppression they were suffering (after supplying the main strength of the war armies) from the peasant and laboring classes below, and from the great capitalists above.

Fascismo did not have a fixed, definite platform: it expressed instincts and tendencies for the most part negative. On coming into power, accordingly, it borrowed its program from other parties, and it has applied that program according to the temperaments of its leaders. Reforms have been demanded by Italian experts and competent Italian administrators for the past thirty years. But the ld Parliamentary régime could never be brought to making them. During its first twelve months in power, Fascismo has set about introducing a reorganization that every one, especially the Liberal, has been calling for.

The reforms so far attempted relate to the budget (reduction of state expenses); to the courts (simplification of procedure, abolition of useless tribunals); and to education (general reorganization). The government is at present struggling with the problems of state administration, of railroads and of posts, telephones and telegraphs.

In the matter of the budget, a commission of three (two experts, Liberals and Freetraders, Maffeo Pantaleoni and Umberto Ricci, and a state accountant M. de Bellis), has revised all expenditures of the government. Disbursements have been reduced by about two billion lire, and a balance of income and outlay is in sight. To the disadvantage of powerful interests some important protectionist measures have been repealed, others abolished. The policy of M. De Stefani has, on the whole, inclined toward free trade. As for the courts, all the needless judgeships and offices of justice which had been maintained for purposes of patronage by Parliament, have been abolished. The changes in education amount to a virtual revolution, and are so important that they would merit detailed discussion. State examinations have been introduced in all grades. Requirements of Latin and Greek have been extended and Latin made obligatory for entrance to a university. The state will henceforth maintain only model schools, leaving full liberty to all others. Religious training has been reestablished in primary schools, save as

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parents may request the exemption of their children. The universities have been reduced in number, given greater autonomy, and made economically responsible for their own maintenance. The chief question about the railroads is restoration of discipline and regularity of service. The number of employees will eventually be reduced by some thirty thousand, though up to the present only a few hundred men have been discharged. In the post-office department, the telephones, part of the telegraphs, and the parcels post have been ordered returned to private ownership.

Mussolini's attitude toward the General Federation of Labor has created an impression, especially abroad, that he may be inclining toward the Left. This suspicion I regard as quite unfounded. The Federation has dropped in membership from a million and a half to less than three hundred thousand, and is without much political influence. However, the great manufacturers had more confidence in the old Socialist leaders who blocked the revolution in 1919-20 than in the new Fascista syndicates which tend to be redder than the Socialists. Mussolini's policy toward socialism is therefore more in favor of the Right than of the Left.

The foreign policy of Mussolini can be accurately appraised only by taking into consideration the sentimental background across which Fascismo went into power. Mussolini whipped nationalistic emotions to a frenzy in his effort to reach the saddle. In one of his speeches before the October revolution, he talked of destroying the British Empire; in another of repudiating the Treaty of Rapallo. His conduct at present is always more or less influenced by the elements he was coddling in such oratory. In spite of a language calculated to conciliate the sense of national pride and to satisfy many fire-eaters, his actual measures are noteworthy rather for their caution and self-restraint. He has been quite deferential toward England, and taken steps toward a rapprochement with France. He has actually evacuated the "third zone" in Dalmatia. He is fighting for time by naming one commission after another for negotiating and protracting negotiations with Jugoslavia. In the Corfu affair, the moment the Conference of Ambassadors showed itself disposed to accept his minimum demands for reparation, he made haste to overlook the maximum. The surprising thing is Mussolini's apparently precise realization of the limits to which he can go, while at the same time he has words aplenty to satisfy the Nationalists who have supported him and placed him in power.

The balance sheet of Fascismo during its first year of life shows both assets and liabilities. The assets remain superior to the liabilities as is shown by the facts that the government is still strong and Mussolini still popular. I recently made two journeys where I happened to be on the same train as the Dictator. At every station although it was late at night crowds were waiting for him—all the young men under arms, enthusiasm everywhere.

Among the liabilities I would mention the dissatisfaction of many people directly hit by Fascista reforms (government employees, railroad men, teachers and professors). There is much criticism also because Fascista violence and oppression are still frequent in the small towns despite the efforts of the government to prevent them. It is generally recognized that Fascismo has welcomed and provided for not a few adventurers in its reorganization of public business. These intriguers often quarrel publicly among themselves and what they say of each other suggests that everything is not so clean as it might be under the new régime. There is a general feeling, besides, that while the government is using many eminent abilities, the young men whom it must employ because they created it are not always so competent and efficient as they are rich in good will. Mussolini seems to be infinitely greater as regards ability and political shrewdness than the rest of his party. He seems to lack that nucleus of expert and intelligent supporters which he will need for a long run in office. No government, for that matter, has ever had such supporters in Italy; but what there used to be have been thinned out perceptibly in Mussolini's case; he has appealed especially to the younger, more boisterous, but less studious generation.

However, these difficulties do not seem serious enough to portend any immediate change in the present control of the Italian state. Most well informed observers predict (barring unforeseen events of considerable magnitude) six or seven years of relatively secure life for Fascista rule. Mussolini will not call for new elections till late in 1924 or early in 1925. The new electoral law will guarantee a strong Fascista majority, and the Chamber will not be dissolved again till the expiration of another legal limit—five years. However, Fascismo has not been definitely stabilized even yet, though the passage of the electoral law was a long stride in that direction. It still remains a movement, a movement that is still in progress, and has not yet reached the point at which it will rest.

GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI.

Residuum

This bright and mobile bone,
The ivory valour of this flesh I own,
Wrought by a crying woman out of incredible sperm—
Shall by a loathly worm
Some day be sniffed at and riddled and overthrown.

But the slow lustrous leaven
That found me darkly wombed and so was driven
Lividly under my spirit—the streak of her dream in me
Shall not go: it shall be
A skylark tip-toe for some edge of heaven!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

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Zev and His Friends

BUT surely, there was never a more incongruous setting for a great international sporting event! A lovely Long Island landscape, smouldering in russet and green under the cool October sun. A long lane across a gentleman's estate, with evergreens and wide lawns on either side. You are a little late, so that there is neither crowd nor struggle; you stroll down the lane until it ends at last in a sudden steel and concrete ramp which pierces the flank of a huge, looming edifice. Another minute, and quietly, comfortably, you have found your $22 seat and are ready for Turfdom's Epochal Event.

You are in a big grandstand, roofed over, and packed with well-dressed men and women. At its foot is a narrow margin of green lawn, then the black ribbon of muddy track which runs in a long oval around a green pasture with white painted fences. Beyond is the autumn glory of trees, and above a hard blue sky. The central enclosure is nearly empty; the few hundreds it contains are standing jammed against the rail opposite the grandstand (but upstream from the finish line; your true American wants to see victories, not races). The lawn just before us is sprinkled with additional hundreds, and further down, this slightly sloping space is jammed with many thousands. Each of these has bought and paid for a seat; and each prefers to stand up and feel important, where he cannot see, rather than sit meekly in his designated place, where he could.

Our fellow spectators number 50,000; and everyone, so far as can be discovered, is dressed in the height of fashion. One and all carry a binocular case across the shoulder; one and all have that look of hard-boiled pink innocence which is common to all horsemen and -women, and is the thing which makes them so invariably charming. The ladies are lovely, exquisitely groomed, and, judged by conversation and demeanor, have obviously never read anything but Snappy Stories in their lives. The men, you will be glad to know, are twice as erudite: they read both The Spur, and Town Topics.

Our fifty thousand do not constitute a crowd, any more than the twenty thousand inhabitants of the Equitable Building are a crowd. They are business people, here in pursuit of an occupation. That occupation is betting.

It is easy to perceive, even if one did not know it already, that gambling is the string which ties together this bundle. All the talk in the adjoining seats is of odds and wagers; everyone in sight carries one of the long cardboard programs, designed solely for the use of the speculator. The thousands who are corporeally present are but a tithe of the multitude in scores of cities and towns who "follow the races" with passionate interest, day by day, year by year, though they never see a horse.

At most sporting events the press arrangements have a sketchy, impromptu air; but here the reporters and their leased wires are housed in a mansion up under the eaves, solid and permanent. Huge, businesslike signboards by the judges' stand announce the winners of the last race and every other fact about the next one. Every contest is numbered serially, counting from the beginning of the season; every horse likewise bears a number which goes with him through life, and each mount carries still a third numeral in each race. Hundreds of thousands of newspapers will be sold tonight in dozens of cities solely because of the racing charts which they will contain, giving all this racing information and more, in business form for business people.

The betting at the track goes on quite as brazenly as though New York had never passed a law forbidding it. The bookmakers are well dressed, quiet gentlemen with programs in their hands. Patiently they repeat to the cluster of men about them the odds asked for, on any horse, in any race. From moment to moment, some bystander thrusts forward a slip of paper the size of a calling card. The bookie puts it in an inside pocket—and that is all.

We who are not habitués but sensation-eaters have arrived just in time for the Colossal Event. A bell rings, a bugle blows, and we hurry to our seats amid a brief hush; even the professionals have been momentarily touched by the drama of the day.

The hush is followed by a roar. The two superhorses who have been warming up in the paddock among the stately old trees, have now appeared down the course at the right. First comes Papyrus, winner of the famous English Derby, with Donoghue crouched on his back like a purple-and-yellow-coated monkey; then Zev, winner of the Kentucky Derby, who has already earned $170,000 in his three years and is to earn $80,000 more before the day is done. Sande, his rider, is in white trimmed with green. Save for Zev's white headpiece, whose staring round eyeholes make him look a Ku Klux Kleagle at the very least, these colts are as like as twins.

The band plays God Save the King and the Star Spangled Banner and the fifty thousand, a little less than blasé by now, watch the racers as they parade in stately fashion some distance behind the starting point. A few moments of jockeying, and then suddenly they are away, and tearing down the track at full speed. Papyrus leads for an instant,

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and then Zev has caught and passed him. The British colt closes up the gap and then drops back. The open space between them grows wider and wider. Long before they swing into the home stretch, the crowd is already cheering, not a race but the victor.

They flash past those imperturbable cherubs the judges, sitting aloft in their belfry, and gallop a hundred yards down the track before it is safe to halt them on the slippery ground. Then back, with all the usual paraphernalia of greatness: the cordon of police, the battery of cameras, the pursuing crowd of admirers. In another five minutes the spectators who cheered for one hundred and fifty-five seconds while the race was on, have already relapsed into professional gossip:

Zev may have had hives, but he didn't show it.... Papyrus was ruined in advance when his trainer insisted on smooth shoes. . . . Admiral Grayson was a good sport to bring My Own all the way from Maryland on a chance that he might be used. . . . Harry Sinclair showed his sporting blood when he promised Zev would run if it ended his racing career. . . . Papyrus couldn't stand prohibition. . . . He missed his daily bucket of beer. . . .

On the whole, it has been a dull affair unless you have cannily stimulated your interest with the pulmotor of financial risk. True, horse racing is as old as any sport save one, and a glorious, heart-stirring spectacle. But how can any one thrill at horse racing of an anonymous, professional character, between animals bred for this and good for nothing else, horse racing which serves only as the focal point for a huge and intricate system of gambling? As a social phenomenon it is interesting enough . . . but one wonders what the horses would think of it, if they could know all of its details!

BRUCE BLIVEN.

The Garden of the Nations

(1923)

When we that are the bitten flower and fruit
Of time's achievement are undone between
The blight above, where blight has always been,
And the old worm of evil at the root,
We shall not have to crumble destitute
Of recompense, or measure our chagrin;
We shall be dead, and so shall not be seen
Amid the salvage of our disrepute.

And when we are all gone, shall mightier seeds
And scions of a warmer spring put forth
A bloom and fruitage of a larger worth
Than ours? God save the garden, if by chance,
Or by approved short sight, more numerous weeds
And weevils be the next inheritance!

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Warm Bite

SIR: The enclosed letter appeared in a German newspaper a short time ago, and was written by Franziska Mann, an authoress who is known to the writer and to the German people as the originator of the "Light Sundays"—an effort made by her to gather people who were without heat and light in winter into warm halls on Sunday afternoons, where they could gain some cheer and comfort, eat and talk together. This letter was meant to reach the ears of those Germans who had not gone down in the national misfortunes, but I feel that the New Republic has always a place to put such tragic messages to those of us who cannot indeed ask an unfortunate to dinner, but can communicate with those who can. A few dollars can work miracles just now, but don't say it in marks!

CLARA CAHILL PARK.

University of Chicago.

[Enclosure.]

Lately I begged those who lived in warm, bright rooms and sat at well-filled tables, to listen to me, in behalf of the children. But often my entreaties were set aside, or overlooked. Today I think the time has come when I may *demand* that all feeling hearts listen to me.

This is what I ask: That all who are able to live comfortably in their own homes should feel it a duty to ask one of the hundreds of thousands who can no longer provide a warm bite to take a meal with them, at least once a day. Excuses like—"It would disturb my husband,—they would not be punctual—they would demand more and more—I would rather give some money"—these are all reflections of a narrow heart.

Any one who feels that he or she can come to the assistance of some one still able to work but whose strength is imperilled, or of some old, or very young, or helpless person is asked to communicate with this address, "Hilfsbund für Mittelstandnot" Schaperstrasse 25, Berlin, Germany (Help for the Middle Class, 25 Schaper Street, Berlin), or the "Aid for Educated Women," same address. These meals can also be called for, so as to be of the least trouble to the giver. Women who suddenly find themselves in "the army of the dependent" would find it all the more considerate if they were allowed to eat by themselves. A good hot, satisfying soup would mean a great deal today. Whoever wished to give more, might have the pleasure of doing so.

The expression "the sinking middle class" is now one of our common phrases accepted without comment, precisely like the other horrors of the present day. That it is the duty of these who are not sinking to reach a hand to the rapidly growing class who are going down, goes without saying. If we saw some one drowning in the water we would jump in to save him—always providing that we could swim. But we see people sinking down in a much more terrible way, from hunger, and we sit undisturbed at our well-filled tables. . . .

Who cannot himself find out these hungry ones, let him go to those places where the educated women come for home work, that keeps them busy every hour of the daylight, so that they cannot afford the time to stand in long rows where "cheaper" food is doled out.

Let him hear of the writers, artists, sculptresses, who have sought work for weeks—work of any kind—in vain. He can hear too of the old people who early in the morning heat themselves a brownish fluid over alcohol, that they call "coffee," and that is the only nourishment that they get all day. He would also hear of the women who have a little worthless property, who cannot come under State Aid, and whose only wish, "that they may not have to live" has been too long, far too long, unfulfilled.

The condition of these blameless ones is unbearable. Blows of the hammer fall and fall again on souls that are not yet dead. Good human material is destroyed and thrown away. Ready to work, women especially stand before oncoming destruction.

I appeal to the consciences of those who are happier.

Provide means of life. Give food. I am not asking for sacrifice, only for common, natural feeling.

FRANZISKA MANN.

Berlin, Germany.

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More Comments on Clement Wood's Article

SIR: Let me congratulate you on your publication of Clement Wood's article and on your able editorial in support of that publication. My work happens to lie on the borderline between two groups whose attitudes on this whole subject are so diverse that I sometimes wonder how the same society can have bred them both—the conventional, middle-class, church group in which what you call "irregular sexual relationships" even though entered into by "people who are neither sensual nor frivolous" and "without any sense of guilt" (I'd go farther and say "even with a sense of God being on their side") would still, if known, cost them their reputations—and their livelihood; and the liberal and radical circles which treat such "irregular" relationships as the business solely of those who enter into them.

I am not the one to say which of these two is more nearly right (*socially right I mean, of course, for the good of society* in its ongoing processes alone can be the test). Perhaps neither; probably the best social attitude and practice has not been discovered. But the discovery will not come through silence. I remarked last fall to a colleague that one of these days some one would throw a bomb. You and Clement Wood have done the throwing. I hope there may be further discussion.

A SUBSCRIBER.

SIR: A considerable number of our contemporary intelligentsia seem to be suffering from what might be termed in the language of the day an anti-prude complex. The conservative, the puritan, the prude gets his surreptitious thrill from, as Mencken has it, the Paris peep-shows. The intellectually emancipated get theirs from "candid yet decent conversation about sex between men and women." It seems strange at a time like the present, when "psychology" is on every lip, that the fundamental unity of motive in these two instances should not be obvious. Mr. Wood's article (written, by the way, in almost complete ignorance of either adult or child psychology) is a striking example of this second tendency.

There is no thinking person but condemns the veil which has, until recently, obscured the whole field of sex; but, as usual, the pendulum has swung from one extreme to the other. To those who have made a satisfactory adjustment, this popularization of the subject is annoying. Others, perhaps more idealistically constructed, rather resent such promiscuous discussion of a topic which for them, as individuals, has an extremely personal connotation. It is hoped that the current efforts to free the subject from its unhealthy confinement will not result in disclosing it too intimately, thus breeding either unfortunate callousness or the proverbial contempt.

X.

SIR: So far as I can see, Mr. Wood's brief for sexual promiscuity has in it nothing new but the manner of the saying. Dr. Figgis noted twelve years ago the fast growing body of opinion adverse to monogamy (Civilization at the Cross Roads, pp. 57 f.) and added, "This hopeless floundering in all men's notions of right and wrong may be partly due to the strange complexities of our day, but it is more often the result of the breaking down of all barriers to the individual caprice and of the preaching of the doctrine of 'living one's own life,' which leaves a man or woman—for the evil is largely there—with no stars in heaven to steer by. . . . At this moment the ethic of Christianity is more unpopular than the creed."

I am one of those who oppose Mr. Wood's thesis with all there is of me, and yet approve your reasons for publishing his paper. If your "Journal of Opinion" merely echoed my own, I think I should withdraw my subscription.

E. H. MERRIMAN.

Monteagle, Tennessee.

The Abolition of Woman-Slavery

SIR: Women advocates of welfare legislation wish to mitigate woman-slavery. The National Woman's party's new amendment proposes to abolish it.

FRANK PUTNAM.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"A Plea for Reticence"

SIR: I have just read with interest A Plea for Reticence by Rose C. Feld.

The author admits that prudery and Puritanism are not desirable characteristics, but, she says, "If it is prudery and Puritanism that have retained for us the interest in the normal and the healthful, then they must perforce be swallowed. Either that or the freedom of speech and action that invites the abnormal and the degenerate. Unfortunately there seems to be no satisfactory medium between the two."

Without entering into any discussion with the writer of the above, we will say that in our opinion she is mistaken. There *is* a satisfactory middle road, and it is the men who have had a frank, sane sexual education who are much less inclined to sexual aberrations and perversions than are those from whom the facts of sex were hidden, to whom the whole subject of sex was shrouded in mystery.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, M. D.

New York City.

Western "Radicalism"

SIR: I heard so much recently of the "Red Midwest" that I was glad of the turn in my affairs that brought me there.

Of course, it would be dishonest to say that the West does not lean toward a left movement; but to say that they are radical is quite another question. They are a shade more liberal than the East in matters of economics, but there is an utter lack of a definitive economic program; and their economic concepts are as altogether childish as those held by the men in the East.

I think the time has come when the people should give a taste of the rail to those who can find no better method of criticism than the use of the word "Radical." There was a time when a radical was defined as a beggar, a lazy galoot who did not have enough energy with which to earn his bread, and who envied the fellow who did.

There is always one thing to remember when one tries to understand the midwestern farmer. He may live in the country, but he is no longer a "Hick." The good road, the automobile, and the railways have put that word into oblivion.

Instead of decrying what is happening in the West, I think it behooves us Easterners to do a little emulating, to think a little independently and attempt to reason things out on our own account. To say that the movement is not tinged with a modicum of socialism would not be stating the truth; but it is a timid gesture, a thing to be commended rather than condemned. Anyone who, out of hand, condemns an honest experiment that bodes good, is a far worse enemy to society than all the Reds and Radicals could ever be.

J. DUDLEY CARROLL.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Mr. Braman and the Lusk Laws

SIR: May I venture to correct a statement made in your editorial of October 10.

At the hearing before Governor Smith at Albany we did appear opposing the repeal of the Anti-Sedition or Lusk laws; stating in substance that if the bills were not perfect they could be made so at the next session of the legislature, and it were possible that there might be a special session of Congress called within three months and a special session of the legislature within four months, at which time these bills could be perfected.

What I had in mind was never revealed, whether a coal strike to settle, or other domestic matters.

There were many radicals present who represent and associate with Reds and possibly they had in mind "Red Revolution" as you quote. But the publicity and attention given to these movements to overthrow the government of the United States by force, shows that the government and people of the United States are amply able to take care of this issue and the army at any time, to cope with the menace.

If you will take the trouble to send to Albany for a copy of the address before the Governor, you can enlighten your readers.

D. BRAMAN.

New York City.

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At the Neighborhood

The Player Queen, by William Butler Yeats. The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet, by Bernard Shaw. The Neighborhood Playhouse, October 16, 1923.

THE Neighborhood Playhouse and Mr. Richard Boleslavsky made no doubt a good enough decision in choosing Yeats's Player Queen and Shaw's Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet for Mr. Boleslavsky's first venture in New York production. Both these plays are removed from American realism; for neither of them had this newcomer from the Moscow Art Theatre any need for a knowledge of our popular details of character and living. Yeats's play is set in the world of the white unicorn, the poet of wine and love and beauty and dreams, and the little queen who has slipped from out a ballad into a stained glass window and the hope of martyrdom. Shaw's play is in a Territory of the U. S. A. situated somewhere in Mr. Shaw's dream, with people whose recognizable emotions belong no more to Americans than to any other race, and with a mood that turns on nothing outside of fantasies. To do a straight American piece, with our familiar life walking about in it, Mr. Boleslavsky, however admirable a director he may be, cannot yet hope to be able, though his method may well point the way.

Both these plays at the Neighborhood Playhouse are farces. The Player Queen begins with old men speaking out of their sleepless garrulities across the crooked street to one another. The poet enters, drunk with wine and images and fleeing from a bad, flighty wife. The townspeople gather; they speak of the Queen. No one has ever seen her, she will not show herself to the people. Her company, they say, is scandalous, and some one tells how she consorts by night with the white unicorn. They resolve to put her to death. Meantime from the Queen's players the bad, flighty wife of the poet has hidden herself. She reappears and it turns out that her husband, whom she loves truly, has been finding consolation with another woman, the verses written to her beauties had been tapped out foot by foot on another woman's shoulder. The Queen comes, with the Prime Minister, who is leading her out to placate the angry mob. The little Queen hates crowns and robes and loves prayer and fasting and holy solitude. The Player Queen takes over the regalia, the Queen runs off to a convent, the mob delights in its sovereign when she appears and acts the part for them, the poet is carried off, the Player Queen is married to the Prime Minister and gives him a lobster claw to crack for her breakfast. Man is nothing, the poet says, until he is united to an image. Fantastic exaggeration this is, a world blown hither and thither on fancy, where they that choose asphodels may have them.

Every one knows The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet, the wildest farce, now tiresome, now compelling, a melodramatic riot, insistent preachment, penny dreadful and Wild West Morality in one; extravagant incident with something like a rowdy music running behind it all the while, of the author's evangelical intention, however shy, and of a certain heightened feeling and lively cerebration.

The production of any play turns finally on the distance the play has from the actual as we know it and see it and hear it with our eyes and ears. The Player Queen at the Neighborhood Playhouse moves always in a lovely and charming light, the costumes—by Mrs. Bernstein—are beautifully hit upon; and the management of the groups and movement, though very marked and stressed with an almost too manifest method, is finished beyond ninety-nine out of a hundred performances in our theatre. And the whole of it, seen as it is, by Mr. Boleslavsky's players, in this elaborate and extravagent vein of the graceful and fantastic and poetical, may very well be an equivalent in theatre terms of the relation of Yeats's play to the daily actual. How far Blanco Posnet skirts ordinary realistic activity would be hard to say, and it is not easy to know what pitch must be given to the realism employed in the production of it. At any rate the production of this play at the Neighborhood Playhouse is operatic and unreal enough. The bare room, the gaily dressed peasants—however drab they may suggest themselves to be—belong to the world of opera and glowing melodrama; and the make-ups, of the elder especially, the foreman of the jury and others, are like masks, with all the elimination and stress and extremity of masks. And for my part I had as soon take this presentation of the play's quality as any other; this may indeed be the distance that Shaw's piece has to either the American scene or the scene of the large visible world of men. Certainly to attempt a bit of Western, Bret Harte, O'Henry, mining camp and frontier realism would be a silly thing to do, though an easy one, and would put the play itself quite out of joint and make its truths seem only false. Mr. John Campbell at times came too close to this in his playing of Blanco, he had the wayward whirlwind of boyish conscience and the rushes of high feeling, but at times he was real enough to remind me how quite unlike the real Blanco of the West he must have been. In this respect Mr. Carroll, in a small part, was nearer to the play, he was wholly unreal, as if the passions of Forty-Nine had been poured into a china marionette. Miss Gaythorne's Feemy was the most competent performance of the lot.

Two things I missed at this production at the Neighborhood. For one thing the diction was poor, no better than at any theatre in New York. And I missed the presence of a few good, solid actors, not stars but seasoned magnetisms, hardened in the calling, to keep me closely involved in the play as it went along. I felt the youth, the charm, the slender fresh life on the stage, but I needed the control of actors now and again of more power and sustained impact.

What shone, however, in these players of Mr. Boleslavsky's was their oneness of spirit. There was no sign of any player reaching out to grab attention to himself; every player was busy with the truth of the character that he centered himself upon; for every player living in his part the lives of the characters around him possessed an unescapable infection. There was a simplicity and humility of intention that appeared in even the momentary small parts, and players with half a dozen words showed the desire to create from themselves the life from which those words arose. Not everything is possible in three or four months, but within that time Mr. Boleslavsky has been able to give this group of actors, mostly young students too, a fine and intense spirit and a happy and right devotion; these young people have learned from him what it means in art for the artist to give his life in order to find it, and what Leonardo da Vinci meant when he spoke of his art as his delight and his destruction. Toward this understanding of and complete happiness in art, meanwhile, it must be remembered that at the Neighborhood Playhouse there was already a state of affairs that made even the effort possible.

STARK YOUNG.

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The Prospects of Industrial Civilization

The Prospects of Industrial Civilization, by Bertrand Russell, in collaboration with Dora Russell. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

TWENTY years ago a book on industrialism by a professional philosopher would have been regarded with suspicion. What was to be expected from a man's adventures outside of his own field of competence? Today only the hardest shelled academic would dismiss a piece of work on such grounds. The fences between the sciences have been torn down. The practical problems that present themselves for solution are so complex that any attempt to solve them with the means provided by a single science must fail. Thus the future of industrialism involves economics, biology, psychology, sociology, politics, both domestic and international, ethics and philosophy. Bertrand and Dora Russell are not adepts in all these fields, but they work in them with remarkably sure intelligence.

The real contrast to industrialism, as the authors see it, is not socialism but the primitive agrarian economy to which society may everywhere revert, as it is reverting in Eastern and Central Europe. Capitalism and socialism are closely akin. Both presuppose an extensive development of machinery and a complicated organization of personnel. Both offer the possibility of abundance. Capitalism, however, in its concentration on profits and its creation of standards of wasteful consumption, robs the creative power of industrialism of its social value. Therefore capitalism must give place to socialism, if industrialism is to survive.

Industrialism may indeed be already doomed by the forces of nationalism which capitalism has cultivated. If wars like the last are to be fought through repeatedly the organization of industrialism will break down, its machinery will fall into decay and civilization will give way to a primitive village economy. We must have peace. The authors have little faith in the project of a world league to insure peace, neither do they take much stock in working class internationalism. Peace will come, they think, by the formation of greater and greater empires. The United States, Russia and China are types of the empires of tomorrow. They have the resources that would make them economically self-sufficient, and therefore when properly organized, should be able to withstand any attack. The United States has attained to effective organization; Russia may attain to it in a generation. If China does not, she will fall into the sphere of influence of Russia, along with British India. Europe, excluding Russia, may either combine in a single empire, self sufficing through its control of Africa, or keep up an internecine strife until it is divided between Russia and America. If it succeeds in organizing itself as the United States of Europe we shall have the world divided among three great powers, weak in attack but strong in defence, and militarism may die out through a universal recognition of the impossibility of altering the territorial status by military force. It is worth noting that no place is found for the British Empire in this forecast. The submarine and the aeroplane have ended the era of empires held together by sea power.

If international peace can be established, the conflict between capitalism and socialism can be brought to an issue. The authors believe that socialism is bound to prevail in the end, but that there is no hope of its prevailing by means of the class war. If we must go through a class war the chances are that industrialism will be destroyed in the process, and we shall find ourselves reduced to a primitive agricultural society, like the Russia of today, with an oligarchic government and the masses of the population so wretched that a "new economic policy" of small capitalism will be welcomed as a great step in advance. Socialism will come, if at all, through the practically universal acceptance of its principles. There will always remain beneficiaries of capitalism who would fight for it, but they will finally become so few that they may be treated as a mere class of criminals, not an armed opposition. Socialists ought to change the character of their appeal, radically. They ought to abandon the propaganda for a class revolution and devote themselves to winning over persons of every class to a recognition of the fact that a good life for all can be secured only through socialism. Reason is the only proper weapon of the socialist. And if reason appears a feeble arm against money and military forces, let it be remembered that the ultimate basis of legal, military and economic power is public opinion, and that public opinion cannot resist forever the solvent power of reason. What chance did Galileo seem to have against the Pope? Nevertheless, Galileo won.

The socialistic state which the authors forecast, is one of virtual equality of fortunes. It is not a "progressive" state, as an American booster would define progressiveness. Bertrand and Dora Russell deliberately accept a stereotyped economic life, not only as inevitable but as inherently desirable. We cannot have the good things of life—leisure, a friendly attitude toward our fellows and a sense of well being within ourselves, the pursuit of knowledge and the cultivation of art—unless we take our souls out of the economic process. We shall have to work in order to live, but when we have secured what is essential to living, we must learn to stop, and turn to other activities. With the technical means at our disposal we could produce everything we really require in four hours a day. The time we give beyond this is the measure of our enslavement to capitalism.

The class-conscious socialist will not like this book. Neither will the class-conscious capitalist. But most Americans who can afford the luxury of an open mind will find it worth reading. They will note, to be sure, that the America of the authors' picture is not exactly the America that exists. The real one is much less simple, materialistic and violent. They will realize that the representation of American industrialism has the usual defects of telescopic photographs. And they will probably infer that other parts of the picture are also over-drawn or under-drawn. Nevertheless they will agree that the picture as a whole is uncommonly clear and true. It is the kind of picture which helps one to a fresh view of nature.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

The Victorian Perspective

Studies in Victorian Literature, by Stanley T. Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

MR. WILLIAMS'S volume is a reminder that we are passing through a period of transition in regard to the Victorian Age. It is no longer the present, and yet we are not quite accustomed to regard it as history. Part of the work of the historical imagination is to recall fig-

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ures of the past in their relations to their contemporaries. It is hard to do this with the Victorians, who remain so much contemporaries of our own and whose immediate value to ourselves as modern classics is still uppermost in our consideration of them. But as the Victorian Age recedes into the perspective of history, certain men and books, which have been lost sight of behind the classics, come into view again as of unique interest in representing the valuations of their own day. Mr. Williams might almost be said to have selected his subjects with a view to promoting this contemporary sense of the past.

The Victorian period is a strange composition of diverse and opposed tendencies. One strong line of cleavage is that marked by the search for authority in the conscious, and in the unconscious; between the rationalism of John Stuart Mill and the science of Darwin on the one hand, and the intuitionalism of Carlyle and the mysticism of Newman on the other. There is the opposition of two interests, the social demand for a better world for all men, and the individual demand for a valuation of life in terms which shall justify it for any man; and the effort to reconcile the two by Utilitarianism, by the ecclesiasticism of Catholic and Broad Churchman, by the doctrine of renunciation of Carlyle, by the scientific religion of George Eliot, the aestheticism of Ruskin and Morris, and the culture of Matthew Arnold. There is the contrast between the romantic tendency to escape from the world and the realistic effort to possess it by discovery and penetration. It is remarkable how clearly implicit these movements are in the unpretentious studies which Mr. Williams has made of aspects of literature, in themselves often of decidedly secondary importance.

He gives his first essay to Carlyle's commemoration of John Sterling, whose name was indeed writ in water, but who was a figure of extraordinary brilliance to his contemporaries, a type of those young men who, falling away from ecclesiastical faith, found in Carlyle's intimations of the spiritual world the courage by which to live and the hope by which to die. Another essay is devoted to Arthur Hugh Clough, who like Sterling, driven from the harbor of the church, took to the open sea with Carlyle. Carlyle's own most penetrating study of society in Past and Present is the subject of a third. Another of Carlyle's disciples, Charles Kingsley, is represented in the volume by Yeast, that monumentally bad novel which with such earnest purpose and pathetic art mirrors the youth movement of the forties. And still another is Thomas Hughes, whose Tom Brown's School Days and Tom Brown at Oxford gave the distinguishing features to the school-boy and college novel of the nineteenth century. In Two Victorian Boyhoods Mr. Williams contrasts the upbringing of John Stuart Mill in an atmosphere of sheer rationalism, and Edmund Gosse in an atmosphere of extreme and oppressive evangelicalism. Newman's Literary Preferences are cited in detail as corroborative evidence of his own assertion of the romantic habit of mind in which the Oxford Movement was born. The essay, Two Poems by Rossetti, brings together the tendencies toward mysticism and realism in The Blessed Damozel and Jenny.

Next to Carlyle and his influence, the largest share of the book is given to Matthew Arnold. No one will quarrel with this disposition of space on grounds of proportion. Matthew Arnold was of all the writers of the period the most conscious of the opposed points of view in contemporary thought, the most disturbed by lack of unity and authority which would give to creative art its material and its form. He was a rationalist who had known the romantic temptation to cry: "Only what we feel we know." He put forward the most complete theory of poetry since Wordsworth, the essential features of which were the insistence upon the classic principle of beauty through total effect as opposed to the romantic practice of diffused and irregular beauty of detail. Mr. Williams's study of Arnold's poetry shows how his practice betrayed this theory—as in Wordsworth's case—to the advantage of his reputation as a poet.

It would be interesting to show how Arnold's principle of totality in art found its counterpart in his individual appreciation of life in terms of culture, the pursuit of our total perfection; in his social doctrine of the state as the collective organ of the right reason of all of us; and in his belief in religion as the art of righteousness expressed in literature, rather than theology expressed in dogma. But Mr. Williams holds that Arnold's influence since his death has resided in his poetry rather than in his prose, and limits his consideration of the latter to the collection of opinions upon contemporaries, the importance of which he clearly overrates. This essay, however, like those which show the conceptions under which the youthful Arnold wrote his poetry and the reception of it by his audience, is useful in recalling the contemporary situation, to which Arnold more than any of the Victorians except Carlyle and Mill made a distinct and characteristic contribution. This is the striking aspect of Mr. Williams's book. He writes as a critic of the Victorian Age with detachment from it, an abandonment in large part of the personal, aesthetic or impressionistic, in favor of the historical method, with, however, no diminution of the interest and significance which are inherent in the subject.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Blind Bow-Boy

The Blind Bow-Boy, by Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE jacket on Carl Van Vechten's The Blind Bow-Boy warns the reader that the contents are neither romantic, realistic, life, art, fantasy nor satire. The publisher stops short of denying that the affair is a book at all only by falling back on the author himself who explains that it is a cartoon for stained glass. Conscious of the necessity for caution, the reader starts the first chapter like a child to whom the ice cream and cake at a party cannot be expected completely to make up for the strain of required good conduct.

Once in company with those of The Blind Bow-Boy, however, the reader's misapprehension ends. It is a lively crew. There is a tremendous rattle of rare china going on in the book, noisy before a vast parade of lovely Continental loot on which the reader's queer hosts and hostesses make foreground and talk nights through. There are no broad open spaces visible: none broader, opener at any rate than each minute hiatus of green wall-silk in the Gramercy Park flat where Campaspe Lorillard is first discovered, smoking among needlepoint. There are no two-fisted men to be found, outside of a pair of butlers, virile enough to pick up whole trays of cocktails and bear them off as though they were old-fashioned heroines. It is a cartoon of the 1920's: locale, New York. And in America, as unique as a painted Trojan horse.

Its sad and conquering central figure is Harold Prewett,

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who comes of age, as the legend opens, in a Shavian situation. He meets for the first time his father, rich, eccentric, a victim of the cloak and suit trade. By him Harold is handed over to be tutored by a man who has answered the paternal advertisement demanding a person without morals.

Harold, fresh from country and an aunt, struggles in Gramercy Park with the tutor, a pair of butlers, Zimbule O'Grady, an unsuccessful serpent charmer with lovely flesh, the dubiously chaste Campaspe, her Cupid, Bunny, whose modern music elicits the best pages for phrase in the book, and, in the trail of dubiously chaste Campaspe, the merely dubious Lord Middlebottom. Struggles against them and others who like Baccardi: against his wife who likes none of them and no drink. But as conqueror he is seen at last, a mature Harold, outlined by a liner's rail with the patient London lord, and behind them, to their surprise, even hers, rare Campaspe, bound "with faint intentions" for the Orient.

It seems to be a cartoon of orientation. And the consistent and sad development of Harold holds it in such good shape that the whole seems a sketch for a more than fair drawing, for the moment underestimated. Mr. Van Vechten has a talent, granting an erotic circumstance to each character, to hold the character to its own premise, thus letting each one, as Jurgen said, "deal fairly" by itself. Not one novelist in forty has such a talent. And if the characters, so far as wit goes and talking all the time, have better success in their house decorations, theirs is indeed a very human frailty. And even pretty houses are rare.

Such a type of book, gladly started by the author here in America, demands perfect writing as a perquisite. Or a preface such as Mademoiselle de Maupin had: something better than the famous gem-glossary from Dorian Grey: something reached once only by Beardsley in the mutinies and cravats that were settled in Under the Hill. It demands good writing as a city woman reasonably demands clean gloves. Ronald Firbank, whose corpulent Varmouth duchesses were presented here, direct from London, by Mr. Van Vechten, shows an interesting indifference to haste, or opinion, and has suavity in his result. America's precious writers, beginning with Huneker, are a little behind the British, what with the delay our culture suffered here, fighting Indians, British, and later, railroads.

If one may be allowed the flight of fancy—and only by taking it can one appreciate the historical picture Mr. Van Vechten has outlined and its peculiar veracity—there is, let us say, not far from the healthy skyscrapers of Manhattan, a floating island, visible particularly at night, from which glamorous lights, more glamorous new music and new speech signal back to the mainland. On this island dwells a group which once liked to épater la bourgeoisie but is now, in its higher sophistication, indifferent even while it shocks the intelligentsia. It is an island of habitual novelty, nerve ends and sensory obligations. On it, inventiveness produces no new machines for the home, pleasure no permanent privilege. There "male and female flutes," syncopation of the senses, love for beauty, and delight are normal. Pleasure is something to be thought out in advance, like a speech for a banquet. It is what is left of London's 1890's. It is our 1920's. Both are still periods of brilliance and decay. This island produces a shrill minute sound of civilization whose report, at a distance, is like hearsay of an overtone. Its disappearance will be as exciting a topic to a few of the succeeding generations as the problem of the lost Atlantis.

If, before it is lost, however, a literary evening is given, as a diversion, Mademoiselle de Maupin will be there, certain of herself at last, and Beardsley's dwarfs will be holding the top-hats, Firbank's fat duchesses will ride in the garden swings, and poor Harold Prewett and the patient Lord Middlebottom will be seen, at first on the outskirts.

And in the exact centre of the small crowd will be the perfectly named blind bow-boy leading and misleading the blind.

JANET FLANNER.

The Malady of Europe

The Malady of Europe, by M. E. Ravage. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

HERE is a book that is easy to read—and hard to get away from; a book that deals with the European situation as it is and points to a potential situation as it should be. The Malady of Europe is an intelligent attempt to tell in a rather simple and direct manner something about that miserable mixup which we know as Europe today.

Mr. Ravage devotes the first part of his book, and the more important part, to the foundation, political, economic, and social upon which modern Europe is laid. He has done this work well. His picture of "the haunted house" of Europe is convincing. It displays the various peoples of Europe, descendants of a thousand tribes with different languages, all united in a common economic interest but divided by political borders. This undoubtedly is the truth about Europe. Mr. Ravage's book stresses the fact that Europe is one country as the United States is one country with a common major interest and many diverse minor interests which might best be worked out under a common, rather than a competitive political organization. Mr. Ravage would solve the problem arising from the jealousies of Germany and France as we have solved the problems arising out of the jealousies of the North and South or those of the East and West, making them parts of a common unit. He would have them follow the example of our states in so far as we in America have worked out the common good of all. He does not seem to think that language or race is a barrier to the unity of Europe any more than these things hinder us here on this continent.

The temperate attitude which Mr. Ravage maintains throughout his discussion of the European situation makes what he has to say about America's part in the war and her part in the peace worth serious consideration. No one has written more severely about President Wilson than Mr. Ravage and no one has given him more generous credit for all that he surely has done. Mr. Ravage does not battle strenuously for his own particular notion of the solution of the problem. He presents it clearly, modestly and with only a pardonable pride of authorship, but not a protagonist's zeal. One may read and enjoy The Malady of Europe and entirely disagree with Mr. Ravage about his solution of the European problem. The book is not a highbrow book. It sends no one to the dictionary nor to his history nor to geographies old and new; it is not erudite and yet carries the effect of being intelligent, honest and important.

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Mr. Ravage—Marcus Eli Ravage—is a Rumanian by birth. He came to this country at the age of sixteen. At first he was a pushcart salesman on the East Side in New York. Then he worked in a sweat shop. Hearing of evening classes, he embarked on a course of night study, and after a year of this he had enough credit to enter college. He chose the State University of Missouri. After securing his diploma there he did graduate work in Columbia, was an instructor in English in the Kansas State Agricultural College, and is now devoting all of his time to journalism. He has recently returned from a long European trip.

A man with this background has a right to speak about Europe and what he says must be of importance and interest to the United States. It should carry weight with intelligent people.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

Heredity and Child Culture

Heredity and Child Culture, by Henry Dwight Chapin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

THE art of writing popular treatises involves an adequate knowledge of facts and principles and the ability to present them coherently and lucidly. Coherence is achieved by organization: facts are classified and arranged in an orderly sequence; they progress at a fair pace to generalizations and principles. Lucidity springs from linguistic transparency whose effectiveness is enhanced by the judicious use of analogy. Indeed analogy is the classical ingredient that renders abstraction or erudition palatable, and if the author can add a flavor of originality he augments his popularity.

But it is a fact that neither novelty nor ingenuity can lend persuasiveness to the analogue if the facts which evoked it are tortured into a parallelism by an act of mental refraction; and refraction is due to inadequate knowledge or to inability to view similarities in their ultimate implications.

In Heredity and Child Culture, Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin attempts to arouse the public to the need of child culture. He brings to his task a rich, varied experience and a reforming zeal at the white heat of indignation. The book is informative, practical and stimulating. It contains good, helpful advice supported by a rather disordered array of authorities; and it ranges over wide areas of social science. Biology, anthropology, education and sociology have been put under heavy requisition. The author has not taken seriously his monition to his readers to "Concentrate on the Child." The indefiniteness of the title reflects the heterogeneity of the contents.

Dr. Chapin is evidently suffering from an embarrassment of riches; his material is the freshly mined ore from the galleries of scholarship. When he completes the smelting and refining process his readers may expect a good book. In its present form, Heredity and Child Culture is chaotic in organization and fragmentary in treatment. It lacks the consecutiveness one expects from a well-knit work, and while it is eminently sound on Nurture, it is merely gravely platitudinous on Culture. It abounds in stereotyped analogies that convey as much information as misinformation; they commend themselves by their concreteness rather than by their appositeness.

A. J. L.

Briefs on Books

Some Modern Authors, by S. P. B. Mais. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

FORTY authors in all, novelists, critics, poets, dramatists, essayists. Mr. Mais takes a business-like view of his function. "In the year 1922, 10,842 books were published; 1,931 of these were novels. I am employed as a Taster. It is my privilege to give here some indication of the merits of a few of the better vintages—that is all." Thus Mr. Mais undertakes the task of stating in summary the case of his authors, or allowing them to state it for themselves in significant extracts. To do this calls for both taste and a kind of craftsmanship which Mr. Mais has cultivated—and aside from his habit of telling the story of every novel or play he touches, his précis are valuable for introduction or review. R. M. L.

Solomon In All His Glory, by Robert Lynd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THE new collection of essays by Robert Lynd is agreeable in spots,—belles lettres without tears for the fiction-fed. The tiredest business-man among us could find nothing to object to—except possibly the exotic setting of London—if his wife insisted on reading this volume aloud, —and as literature made safe for democracy we hail Solomon In All His Glory. D. B. W.

Christ or Mars, by Will Irwin. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50.

WAR is not only evil but imbecile. This Mr. Irwin drives home with fresh and needed vigor in his new book, Christ or Mars. Along with any political organization for international peace must go a progressive education of public opinion. Mr. Irwin challenges the Church with the task of creating the necessary moral force for peace, in a manner which should compel the attention of liberal thinkers everywhere. C. R. B.

Parties and Party Leaders. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. $2.50.

A COLLECTION of papers published from 1886 to 1912 by the late Professor Morse, of Amherst College. The introduction explains the origin and limitations of the work in the fact that it is "brought out primarily for the benefit of those two generations of men who sat at Professor Morse's feet." Professor Morse was one of the pioneers in the study of political parties, who with Macy, Woodburn, Gannaway and others blazed the trail and cleared the way. These papers have historical value as illustrations of the early efforts to awaken interest in the phenomena of political parties, and to arrive at a method of inquiry. As scientific studies of party processes these papers have relatively little utility, but for historical purposes, they possess a notable significance. C. E. M.

The Economic Order, What Is It? What Is It Worth? by John H. Gray. New York: George H. Doran. 10c.

THIS fifty-page pamphlet is number nine of the Christianity and Industry Series. While Professor Gray makes polite and somewhat extraneous bows to the church from time to time, his main occupation is with industry. Seldom has a man been better occupied. I have read a good many hundred-weight of books on this particular subject, but this little pamphlet contains alto-

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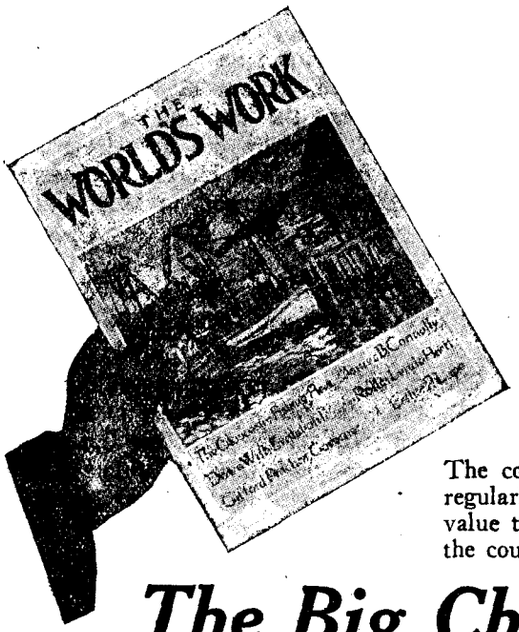

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gether the best condensed analysis of the lot. Never before in the same space have I seen the case against the dog eat dog economy so admirably argued. These are extravagant words, but they apply to an extravagantly good pamphlet. Professor Gray shows us the impossibility of reconciling the principles of Ricardo with the present industrial array. He explains in the soundest of psychological terms why workmen won't work and never can be made to work consciously under economic conditions as they obtain today. His generalizations are supported with concrete examples and data drawn particularly from the railroads and the steel industry. There is no loose talk. Finally, he writes lucid clean-cut English. A book in a thousand. S. C.

Three Centuries of American Democracy, by William McDonald. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.25.

HERE is a compact account of the development of the larger features of the American democracy. The author, a thoroughly trained scholar, gifted with breadth of view and with facility in the art of presentation, has succeeded admirably in giving a bird's-eye view of the growth of the nation. It is comparable with the earlier volume of Johnson's American Politics and McLaughlin's Steps in the Development of American Democracy. Obviously, the field covered is too large for detailed discussion of moot points, but for the general reader or for a general view, this volume will prove very useful.

C. E. M.

Jefferson Davis, President of the South, by H. J. Eckenrode. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS is a work which embodies much shrewd analysis of the political and military policies of Mr. Davis, erected on a theoretical substructure of the most grotesque nonsense, growing out of the effort to interpret the Civil War on the basis of Madison Grant's Nordic mythology. "The Nordic race is that which is preeminent in war, law, politics, exploration, adventure . . . The Civil War, in essence, a struggle between that part of the Nordic race which was prepared to renounce its tradition of mastery for equality, modernism and material comfort and that part of the race which was resolved, despite modernity, to remain true to its ruling instincts . . . Jefferson Davis was essentially a tropical Nordic, though modified somewhat by contact with the North. He spent the formative years of his life in the lower South; he imbibed its spirit, sympathized with and sought to further its ambitions, wore its crown. He also wore its crown of thorns and became its vicarious sacrifice." Alas for Clio! H. E. B.

Great Britain and Prussia in the Eighteenth Century, by Richard Lodge. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.70.

THIS is one of the finest examples of scholastic sterility in the field of historical work which has come to the reviewer's attention in recent months. Yet those interested in the personal and anecdotal details of the diplomatic history of the eighteenth century will find it a convenient and accurate summary of the conventional diplomatic episodes and manoeuvres in a phase of British policy which has caused regret and confusion to some English historians in the last decade. H. E. B.

Hungary and Democracy, by C. J. C. Street. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. 10:6 net.

AUTOCRACY might well have been substituted for democracy in the title of this book, for there is little that smacks of democracy in the Hungary depicted by Mr. Street. It is entirely with the Slavic races, who for centuries have been subjected to the Magyar yoke, that the author's sympathy lies. First tracing rapidly the history of Hungary prior to 1914, he then alleges that Hungary alone has refused to learn the lesson of the War. The spirit of the Magyar oligarchy has not changed, and Hungary today, under the rule of Horthy, is beneath the surface as reactionary as the Hungary of 1867.

C. R. B.

Russia's Women, by Nina Nikolaevna Selivanova. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

THIS volume will be an interesting addition to the bookshelf of the feminist. Certainly in no country where women have taken up the battle for freedom have the difficulties been more grave than in Russia. What the struggle of the Russian women has been, the author, herself a Russian, vividly makes clear. The book would have gained immeasurably, however, had Mrs. Selivanova said less about the miseries of feudal days and the reforms of Catherine the Great, and more about the events of the last twenty years and of her own experiences in the recent revolution, to which she gives only brief mention.

C. R. B.

Mysticism of East and West, by William Loftus Hare. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

THE learned author begins his historic sketch with Asiatic idealism. Buddhist faith and morals, we are told, rest on Sankhya psychology and Yoga meditation. Next, Platonism and the Gospel philosophy are rapidly surveyed. Neo-Platonism is the spiritual background of Christianity. Of particular interest is Chapter 18 on the Holy Eucharist,—the partaking of the Divine Substance, or, in Platonic language, contemplation of "Being" which underlies all transient things. The volume will be welcomed by all metaphysical students. E. P. H.

Contributors

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